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Labour and Education

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Campaign Report
by A. J. P. Taylor

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The Isis Story
by Denis Potter

Comments on the Week's News .. 794
Learning to Live 797
The Choice in Lebanon 797
London Diary. Critic 798
This England 799
Downtrodden Natives. Reginald Reynolds 799
Campaign Report. A. J. P. Taylor .. 799
Small Victim. Denis Potter 800
The Blight of Detroit. Peter Jenkins .. 802
Double Homers. Gerda L. Cohen .. 802

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

A Resolved Hamlet. T. C. Worsley .. 803
The Jet Jetty. Reyner Banham .. 804
Brill and De Francia. John Berger .. 804
Rural Opera. Desmond Shawe-Taylor 805
Hunting the Bardot. William Whitebait 805
Time, Gentlemen, Please! Tom Driberg 806

CORRESPONDENCE

Stuart Shields, David Ross, Harry G. Knight, John Atkins, Leslie Nixon Clarke, Gadfan Morris, R. Palme Dutt 806
Books in General:
Be Yourself. John Jones 809
Song for a Birth or a Death. Elizabeth Jennings 809

REVIEWS

The English Narcissus. V. S. Pritchett 810
Breaking Out. Gavin Maxwell .. 810
Value for Money. Andrew Wordsworth 811
Arms and Men. Hugh Thomas .. 812
Big Mouth in the Mountains. Christopher Logue 812
The Family. O. R. McGregor 813
New Novels. Walter Allen 814
Week-end Competition 815
City Lights. Taurus 816
The Chess Board. Assiac 817
Week-end Crossword. Set-square .. 817

The Murder of Imre Nagy

At a time unknown, in a place unknown, Imre Nagy and three of his closest colleagues have been murdered. This is the horrible last act of the Hungarian tragedy. But it is more than that. Once more the black shadow of the gallows falls across the Communist world. Five years after Stalin died, two years after Krushchev himself denounced the purges in sickening detail, the hangman has again been called in to remove men who, alive, were a challenge to orthodoxy.

That is the peculiar quality of this crime. It is not that four more men have been dispatched in the same manner as Bukharin, Kamenev, Zinoviev, Rajk, Slansky and thousands more who disagreed with Stalin. Seven years ago, the killing of Nagy would have been a routine matter for the secret police. It is that the same terrible process has been started afresh by men who know how much damage was done by Stalin's terror. True, they were accessories to it. But they are also its survivors, who have themselves stood in peril of the secret trial and of death – in Krushchev's own phrase – 'like a dog in the gutter'. In the first years after Stalin died, the men who succeeded him tried to make amends for the worst excesses. They opened the prison camps, they cut down the police power, they rehabilitated many of the innocent and assured their own people and the outside world that such 'arbitrary violations of Socialist legality' could never occur again. This lesson, at least, seemed to have been learned – at a tragically high price, both in human suffering and in political mistakes.

A simple instruction to an unknown hangman has proved the contrary. The pompous explanation of the 'counter-revolutionary rising' for which Nagy, Maleter and the others have been executed is untrue. The Soviet leaders know perfectly well that the real responsibility for the collapse in Hungary lies at the door of Rakosi and those in Moscow who maintained him in power until it was too late. They know too, as the world knows, that Nagy has been killed as a useful expedient in the campaign against Tito in particular and 'revisionism' in general. That is what makes this reversion to Stalinism so ominous. The doctrine of 'legality', indeed, the ostentatiously new attitude which reached its climax at the 20th Congress, is now reduced to a sinister farce, permitted only for reasons of expediency. The situation has changed, and so everything that was wrong – the 1948 Cominform resolution against Tito, for instance – becomes right again. This is the nightmare logic of Stalin, which Krushchev once rejected – and it was his rejection of it that gave grounds for hope in the years after Stalin died.

There may be inner contradictions in the Communist camp which have compelled the men in the Kremlin to throw away all that they gained in the years of the 'thaw'. But, whatever the reason, it does not diminish its consequences. Krushchev's great asset was his apparently genuine desire to steer the Communist world away from Stalin's crazy course; that fund of confidence has been finally squandered. For the treachery, and the political stupidity, of these killings is exactly comparable to Stalin's treatment of the Polish leaders who believed his promise of a safe-conduct, to the trapping of Clementis, to the snaring of one prominent Communist leader after another over a period of 20 years. From now on, every non-Communist will do business with the Russians, and with other Communists, only when performance rests on more than promises or temporary expedients.

This does not mean that all agreements are impossible, or that the attempt to find ways of remaining alive in the same world must be abandoned. But since the new Soviet leadership has now shown that, just like Stalin, it will keep agreements only so long as they suit its devious purposes, and that it regards 'Socialist legality', 'the relaxation of tension', or 'peaceful co-existence' as merely tactical concessions, it is clear that the only agreements possible are those which are no more than formal statements of purpose already determined by simple self-interest. That is why the murder of four Hungarians has closed a chapter in world history. With them died the Krushchev design for a Summit conference – if that meant an East-West settlement on the basis of 'mutual confidence'.

Comments on the Week's News

Flashpoint in Lebanon

This week's new outbreak of severe fighting in Lebanon marks a very dangerous deterioration in an already bad situation. Lebanon, indeed, seems to be rapidly disintegrating as President Chamoun's corrupt and tottering administration, which has already lost the confidence of the people, loses the last vestiges of control over the situation. That much comfort and some direct aid are coming to the rebels from over the Syrian border – and equally to the government from the US – is certain. But few observers outside Chamoun's own entourage will deny that, however much each side may be cheered on from outside, this is essentially a civil war. The danger now is – and it grows daily greater – that the West, probably by means of the Sixth Fleet, will be tempted to intervene. Already Chamoun is calling for help from any quarter where he can find it. If the Security Council takes the view that physical intervention in a civil war is not part of its duties, Chamoun will stop at nothing to involve the US. Indeed, Mr Dulles himself is clearly attracted by the notion that the preservation of Chamoun is a vital US interest. Almost exactly the reverse is true. American or British intervention would, in military terms, be a terribly hazardous enterprise, which might fail and which – even worse – might be impossible to limit. If it were to succeed, the result would only be that Lebanon became a tiny occupied zone on the coast of Asia Minor, helpless, useless and boycotted by the Arab world. And once again the western powers would seem to every Arab to be fighting the nationalist revolution of the Arab peoples.

The Tunisian Agreement

General de Gaulle has acted boldly, wisely and well in concluding his agreement with President Bourguiba to withdraw French troops from Tunisia with the exception of the Bizerta base, and to recognise that their presence in Bizerta is temporary and by grace of the Tunisian authorities. The agreement, in fact, is not unlike the one concluded between Britain and Egypt which led to the evacuation of British troops from the Canal. The course of Anglo-Egyptian dealings since that agreement is evidence that friendship between two countries enjoying this particular semi-colonial relation towards one another is not ensured merely by an agreement to evacuate troops. Nevertheless, evacuation of French troops was the test of good faith which the Tunisians themselves set de Gaulle, and the prompt way in which he has met their demands has already had a strikingly tonic effect on the whole North African situation. The nature of the congratulatory letter sent by the King of Morocco to de Gaulle to commemorate 18 June, 1940, suggests that the Moroccans, too, have every confidence that they can now negotiate successful agreements with the new French government. Meanwhile, much of the stuffing was knocked out of the meeting which took place this week between the 'liberation' parties of the three North African states – the Istiqlal from Morocco, the Néo-Destour from Tunisia and the FLN from Algeria. It had been intended that this meeting should proclaim the setting up of a formally constituted Algerian government-in-exile; but it now looks as if this demonstration has been indefinitely postponed. All France's basic problems in North Africa remain and they are still as difficult of solution as they were a week ago: what General de Gaulle has done is to remove a source of aggravation and buy himself perhaps three or four months breathing space in which to tackle them.

The Busmen Try Again

The unexpected vote of the London busmen at the beginning of the week to continue their strike probably astonished Mr Cousins as much as it did everybody else. It had been widely assumed that the rank and file would leap at their leaders' advice to return to work. It is now obvious that this unreal assumption was no more than an extension of the myth created by the press and the government that the strike had been wantonly precipitated and prolonged by the personal irresponsibility of Mr Cousins. Mr Cousins himself was probably embarrassed by the men's decision. Yet nothing could be a greater vindication of his own judgment, all the way through until this week, of the temper of his men. Incidentally, although the union does not publish details of figures, it seems clear that the 64-54 vote of garages which decided the issue represented an absolute majority of the men voting. It is also known that the 'country' and 'central' groups of garages both voted to continue the strike, and that the only section which voted narrowly against were the trolley-bus garages. The refusal to follow official advice to end the strike was widely condemned at the time as a gesture of reckless obstinacy. It may prove, however, to be justified by the results. As we go to press, news comes of another – and apparently hopeful – approach to a settlement; and all, it seems, will once more depend on a vote. This time the men would be wise to accept Mr Cousins' advice; for, deserted as they are by the TUC, they are unlikely to achieve better terms than they are now offered. The truth is that their remarkable militancy hitherto has been largely occasioned by the bitter resentment they feel at the shabby treatment they have had all through this dispute from both Sir John Elliot and the government. The new 'formula' may be enough to offset this feeling.

The Little Election

Has the swing against the government been stopped? Though Lord Hailsham claims that the Weston result was a 'triumph', the five by-elections held last week show that Conservative poll is still dangerously low: in fact, in such safe Tory seats as Weston and Argyll, the government candidate won on a minority vote. The difficulty in interpreting these five results lies in the great variation between the constituencies. Certainly the Liberals made a respectable showing. They did not repeat their sensationally good performance at Rochdale and Torrington, but they have kept themselves in the field. But the Labour Party did not do so badly as some commentators have suggested. True, except in Wigan, it failed to make much headway. But it would have been surprising if it had picked up votes in Weston and Argyll, both seats in which the Labour organisation is weak and the political climate, if no longer passionately pro-government, is at least anti-Labour. In Ealing, despite Liberal intervention, the Labour vote held firm. And the slump in the Labour poll at St Helens can be explained by local factors. The most curious feature of the Liberal reaction – since the Liberals did better in the rural Highlands and in a West of England resort than they did in Ealing – is Mr Grimond's bid to become the leader of the white-collar party. He believes that, under welfare capitalism, the working-class will 'disappear' and that the Liberals will come to represent the aspirations of the family with television, a small car, and the semi-detached house. Unfortunately, the only constituencies in which the Liberals can make an effective challenge are those least touched by the new industrial and urban revolution.

NEXT WEEK

For and Against De Gaulle

Interviews with Jules Moch and Mendès-France

by R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Preview of Lambeth Conference

by ANTHONY HOWARD

Sir Winston at Home

by JOHN RAYMOND

Zik Toppling?

The discontent which has erupted this week into a demand from within his party for the resignation of Dr Azikiwe as Premier of the Eastern Region of Nigeria and leader of the National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons has been simmering towards boiling point for some months. Earlier this year there were riots when his government, after promising free universal education, found that, in order to balance its budget, educational rates had to be reimposed. Most significantly these protests came from the Ibo areas, previously solidly bewitched by the Premier's demagogy. Then in the Calabar by-elections, in a non-Ibo area, in spite of the concentration of ministers in the campaign, the Action Group defeated the National Council in all three seats. Nor have the Eastern Region peoples been satisfied with the Premier's reactions to the dismissal by the Northern Region government of numbers of officials who came from the Eastern Region. It is remarked that, whereas Dr Awolowo in the Western Region protested vigorously when westerners working in the north were dismissed, Dr Azikiwe, after visiting the Northern Region, declared himself satisfied with northern policy. There have long been critics of Dr Azikiwe's personal rule, but previously they have been impotent before the evidence of his successes and solid support from his people. Now it would appear that it is no longer possible to reply that the Premier has almost unanimous support. What is more, those who hold that Nigeria needs to break up her three large regions into smaller units were encouraged by the support given by the Eastern Region Premier to their demands for a division of the Northern and Western Regions. They felt badly let down, however, when Dr Azikiwe made it plain that he will not countenance any division of his own state. The strong body of opposition united against Dr Azikiwe inside his own party presages a period of bitter personal conflict within the Eastern Region – hardly a happy augury for the resumed all-Nigerian constitutional conference in September.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Burst Bubble

A classic of American light verse concerns a 'wonderful one-hoss shay', a carriage so evenly constructed in all parts that it lasted exactly a hundred years and then 'went to pieces all at once'. The Republican Party was a hundred years old in 1956, and it is quite evident that soon after, when nobody was looking, it similarly fell apart – 'all at once and nothing first, just as bubbles do when they burst'. The disaster is obvious enough now, because in a whole series of local, state, and primary elections that have taken place since the second triumph of Eisenhower only the ghost of the Grand Old Party has been visible.

Cruel circumstance, official inertia, and a gradual shift in the public impression of the President from Father Image to Smiling Coolidge have alienated huge voting blocs which Mr Eisenhower twice brought into the Republican fold. While the agricultural outlook is brighter than it was a few months ago, there is no sign that farmers' confidence in the Administration has been restored. Little Rock has blighted the budding Republican movement in the South without at the same time persuading the voting Negroes of the North that the government means to do much about speeding up desegregation. Bills to regulate trade unions, most of them sponsored by Republicans in the state legislatures, have wiped out what was left of labour support for an Administration that has yet to do something significant about unemployment. And international setbacks, both scientific and diplomatic, have done little to sustain the fond belief that Eisenhower, more than any Democrat, could handle the Russians and damp down the cold war. What was left to the party's appeal, until this week, was a lingering public sense of dollar-honesty in high places.

In the circumstances all that was needed was for Sherman Adams, whose integrity, the Republican New York *Herald-Tribune* still asserts, 'is as flinty and incorruptible as a piece of New Hampshire granite', to become involved in financial scandal. If Adams were a minor figure in the Administration there would be little excitement over his having repeatedly allowed a Boston industrialist named Goldfine to treat him to hotel service totalling close to $2,000 over a period of three years. The Assistant to the President admits to having accepted this hospitality and to having made a few innocent telephone calls to government agencies with which Mr Goldfine was engaged in controversy. He neither admits nor denies that he was also the lucky recipient of a $2,400 rug and a $700 vicuna coat from the same generous source. What makes the affair the stuff of headlines is that Sherman Adams is Number Two in the Eisenhower Administration, if not, as many believe, in practice a step higher; that he was the prime mover in securing the nomination for Eisenhower in 1952, and that he took the lead in launching the 'crusade' to rid Washington of those who sold their influence with government agencies in exchange for mink coats and deep freezes. 'If any Hercules exists to turn the River Potomac into the Washington Augean stables for a one-day cleaning job', he said at the time, Eisenhower was the man to do it. 'The kind of people with whom he has surrounded himself is answer enough to that one.'

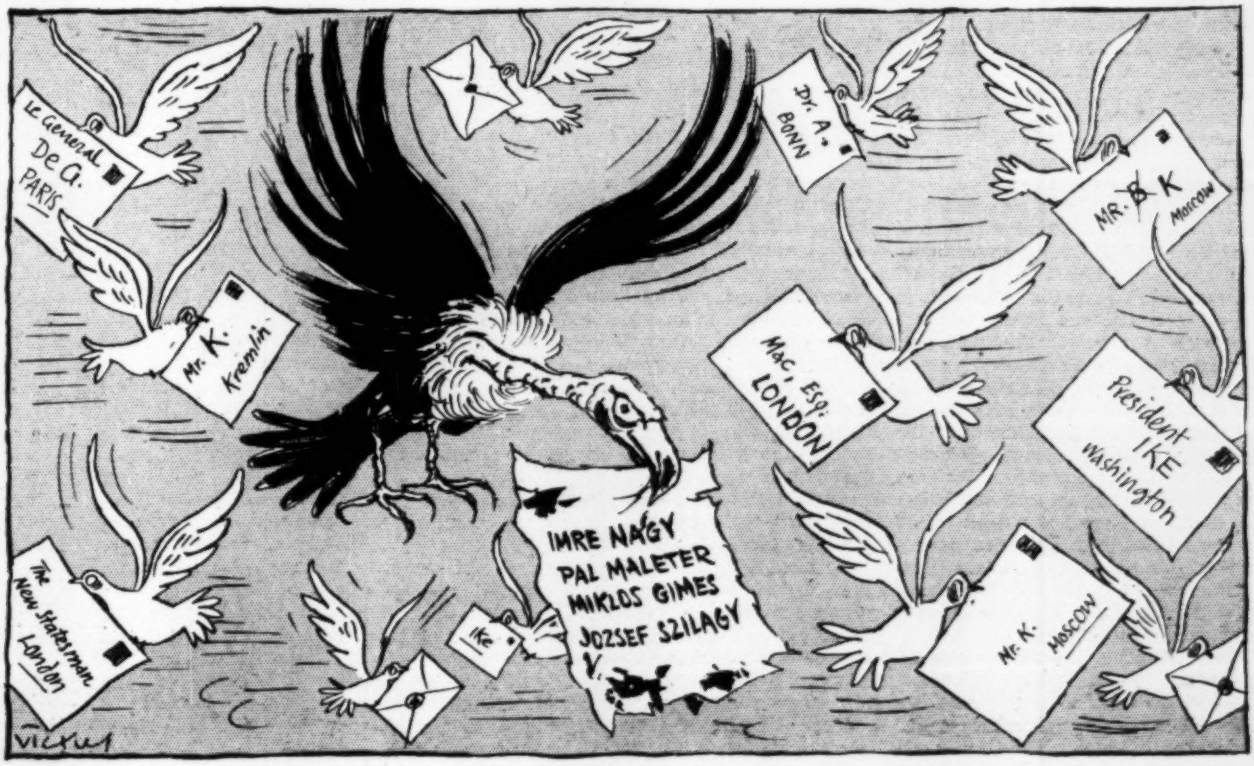
The Administration, speaking through Jim Hagerty, takes the view that the Adams affair is different from such episodes in the Truman regime because the principals in this case are 'old friends' and because no proof has yet been shown that Adams actually obtained favoured treatment for Mr Goldfine. On Capitol Hill, however, the atmosphere is less indulgent, even among Republicans. Some are even ready to agree with the waggish proposal that Adams resign and turn the Presidency over to Mr Eisenhower.

ROBERT BENDINER

Paris

Waiting For What?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Despite a general lack of enthusiasm for General de Gaulle, one thing is certain: he is assured of success in the forthcoming constitutional referendum – no matter what sort of constitution he produces. Yet, paradoxical though it may seem, political circles in Paris are much more uneasy about the constitutional changes de Gaulle may or may not have in mind than about the hard news which is coming from Algiers. Granted that de Gaulle has made public concessions to the men who organised the uprising of 13 May, granted that he has more or less committed himself in public to the policy of integration in Algeria, everybody here still thinks that he is simply biding his time to put these turbulent soldiers in their place and to seek a negotiated settlement of the war in North Africa. An interesting side-light on public opinion is thrown by this week's poll by the French Institute of Public Opinion, which shows that 68 per cent. of the people think that de Gaulle will be capable of achieving a settlement in Algeria. This faith is buttressed by de Gaulle's own circle of intimates. These people never tire of pointing out that the General has carefully avoided the use of expressions like *'l'Algerie est Francaise'* (except once by accident in a speech at Mostaganem) and *'integration'*, and that he is keeping his hands free for future action. In the case of any other recent premier, arguments like this would convince no one – after all, the facts are beyond



dispute: the *ultras* are solidly in power in Algiers, the soldiers are still taking part in the activities of the Committees of Public Safety, and now we are told of the nomination of General Massu as Prefect of Algiers. De Gaulle, of course, is different: can he be that much different?

The prospects are a good deal less reassuring in the field of constitutional reform. The General proclaims to all and sundry his mistrust for a regime of political parties; and, when one looks back on some of his old speeches – above all the Bayeux speech of 1946 – it is clear that he has a rather odd concept of parliamentary democracy. To secure the separation of the legislature from the executive, he is even on record as suggesting that the head of the government should not have to be invested by the National Assembly and that deputies should be barred from ministerial office. Another of his theories is that the principal offices of state (Foreign Affairs, Defence, Finance and Justice), should be held by 'experts', and thus freed from any commitment to political parties. Without going any further into the General's ideas on constitutional matters, this is enough to keep awake at nights the politicians of the Fourth Republic who so conveniently held open the door for his re-entry to power.

Westminster

A Strategic Idea

The resigned detachment which normally settles like dust on sitting days when the Finance Bill is to be debated in committee was noticeably absent on Tuesday. Members arrived early and almost eagerly, tickets for the public gallery were as scarce as tickets for the Cup Final and in the Central Lobby, instead of the casual groups of holidaymakers gazing indiscriminately, intent-eyed men and women, there on business, waited and watched the clock. The Prime Minister, at long last, was to announce the government's policy on Cyprus. To many, this announcement seemed long overdue. Many Tories believed that the government intended to 'sell out' to the Greeks and many Socialists believed that the government intended to 'sell out' to the Turks. Both sides, therefore, were restive and alert. Restiveness, particularly on the Tory side, was immediately increased when, about half-past one in the afternoon, a rumour swooped through the corridors – that the Prime Minister would not make his statement after all. It was said that the government was changing its mind again and was inviting Greek and Turkish representatives for further discussions in London. 'In London?' asked one exasperated partisan. 'Why not in Godesburg?' By the time the House met, we seemed all set for a flare-up. But it did not come. At the end of questions, the Prime Minister rose and, in the apologetic tones which a manager might use to his board of directors, begged to be excused from making his report that day. The House, he said, had been forbearing almost to a fault. He well understood members' feelings. But the fact of the matter was that at the last minute the Council of Nato had offered to see if it could help and had begged the government to withhold the announcement of its own plans until Nato had seen what it could do. In face of this request, said the Prime Minister in his most subdued voice, would the House bear with him just a little longer, say till Thursday, or maybe just a little bit after that?

Since the Labour Party for months past has been pressing the government to ask Nato for help in solving the crisis, Mr Gaitskell could do no other than say: 'All right. We'll be quiet for a little while longer still'. The Prime Minister thanked him with touching humility, putting a handkerchief to his eye as he did so as though to brush away a tear. But I for one saw no tear. Indeed, a moment or two later the Prime Minister was looking particularly pleased with himself. Because of the government's vacillation and delay, it is now too late to adopt any proposal which could be acceptable to both sides in Cyprus or for even the utmost pressure from Nato to prevent bloodshed on the island. But if the government can get Nato approval for what it does, it will go some way to silence the official opposition and other critics in the western world. No wonder the Prime Minister looked pleased.

So the tragedy of Cyprus continues as it began. When he withdrew from the Canal Zone, Sir Winston Churchill pounced on Cyprus for a base, not for strategic reasons but solely to buy off those of his backbenchers who otherwise would have accused him of scuttle. The Cypriots would have stood for this if subsequently a Tory minister had not publicly announced that, since Cyprus was now a base, self-determination could 'never' be considered. From then on, trouble brewed. It could have been quietened and the base, for what it was worth, retained, if the government had been prepared to concede the principle of self-determination. But, instead, it began to stimulate the Turks as a counter-irritant to the Greeks. Even so, there still remained a chance that both Greeks and Turks would have accepted the original Foot plan if the government had acted on it quickly. But it delayed until the monster of Turkish opposition, which it had helped to create, had grown too great to manage. Even then, it is possible that the intervention of Nato might still have subdued the Turks; but again the government delayed until this week. The Prime Minister, however, looks pleased with himself. He has scored a political trick.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

Fleet Street

Mirror of the Times

The Commonwealth Press Union, whose annual conference has just concluded at 18 Carlton House Terrace, the town house of Lord Astor of Hever, its president, is normally a sedate and courteous body, dedicated to the proposition that Commonwealth journalists are just as gentlemanly and responsible as English ones. Last week, however, it had a rude, invigorating shock. Mr Hugh Cudlipp, editorial director of the *Daily Mirror* and the *Sunday Pictorial*, addressed it, devoting himself to a scathing and virulent attack on no less a paper than the one of which Lord Astor is the chief proprietor: *The Times*.

Mr Cudlipp's case against *The Times* is two-fold. He regards it first as a poor and inadequate newspaper. This is a matter in which he may, perhaps, be suspected of bias. But more importantly he regards it – as he told the Commonwealth Press Union – as having become the chief instrument for the denigration of the popular press and thus, in his view, an enemy of the very press freedom it ought to be first in defending. A good deal of substance may be found in this charge by many of those who have read *The Times's* own leaders on newspaper matters and have observed the space it always seems willing to offer to those who wish to launch the most savage accusations against newspapers, with or without concrete evidence. *The Times's* case in this matter, of course, is that it is not attacking the press but what is evil in the press. 'The baser instincts,' it observed in one of its leading articles on this subject, 'are being pandered to, not only in lasciviousness – the influence of this can be overrated – but in social attitudes and conduct as well. Envy, jealousy, intolerance, suspicion, are all too often being indirectly fostered. Irresponsibility is rife.'

Mr Cudlipp's reply is that *The Times* is not defending the real freedom of the press but weakening it and dangerously damaging the proper relation between press and public. And he suggested that in so doing it was motivated, consciously or unconsciously, not by the true principles of press freedom, which require that 'newspapers should live in the same world as their readers' but by 'the smug assumption that our present and future is ordained and should continue to be ordained by a restricted ruling clique, an upper crust of polite and discreet intellectuals belonging to the same class and clubs, marrying the same sort of women and producing the same sort of children, playing the same games, knowing the same people'.

Mr Cudlipp, it will be seen, does not like the Top People who read *The Times*. And he suspects that what it and they dislike about the popular press is not that it is irresponsible but that its responsibility is to others than themselves. In this I think history is on Mr Cudlipp's side. For what is fascinating about the strictures of *The Times* upon the popular press is that they are so very often couched in terms strikingly similar to those which were used in abuse of *The Times* itself in earlier days. *The Times* of Barnes and Delane was denounced by the superior people in whose hands the government of Britain then rested as irresponsible and vulgar. It was accused of following, not leading, public opinion. It was charged with inciting jealousy against established institutions: of being violent, offensive and sensational. 'If England is ever to be England again', wrote Lord John Russell to the Earl of Clarendon, 'this vile tyranny of *The Times* must be cut off'. And Queen Victoria – if Lord Astor and Sir William Haley will forgive my mentioning it – considered that the acceptance of its 'Proprietor, Editor and Writers' in polite society was intolerable. These charges were made, moreover, for reasons very close indeed, one suspects, to those which inspire some at any rate of the antagonism to the mass circulation press of today. What inflamed polite opinion against *The Times* then was that it had become, first under Barnes and then under Delane, the voice of a new political power – the new middle classes.

Those in Printing House Square who fly into such a passion with the popular press of today might search their consciences to see whether they are not subject to almost identically the same impulses. For what in fact is really significant about the mass press of today is not its sensationalism or its frivolity – but that it gives a voice to a new political power – the power of the working class. This class is alien not only in some, although not perhaps all, of its political ambitions, to those in possession, but, what affects them even more, in almost all its social attitudes. The *Mirror* is most frequently, either directly or by implication, the chief target precisely because it has identified itself with this new power more successfully than any other newspaper and speaks more clearly in its idiom. In its own way, it is now a very serious-minded newspaper. Those who really care about the responsibility of the press – and not just about its possible threat to their own position – ought to be congratulating the *Mirror* on its attempts to make public issues mean something to those with little natural taste for them.

Francis Williams

Learning to Live

By far the most important section of the Labour Party's policy statement on education (*Learning to Live*; one shilling) is the general statement of aim and priorities with which it opens. Correctly, the party appreciates that the provision of an adequate education service for the people of Britain is still primarily a matter of providing bricks and mortar and teachers. A revolution in the nation's schooling could be accomplished if the objectives enshrined in the 1944 Act and widely accepted in all parties could be made realities. Hence the emphasis which is placed on a series of specific targets which can be attained, in the broadest terms, by an intensification of effort without any substantial change of policy. The promises appear to be categorical and binding: 'Labour announces as definite objectives for the next five years: reduction of size of classes; the replacement of slum schools; the disappearance of all-age schools; the full four-year secondary course and provision for the needs of all handicapped children'. The only one of these objectives which can be described as even remotely controversial is the insistence on a full four-year secondary course involving the child's continuance at school, not until attaining the age of 15 as at present, but until the end of the school year after the 15th birthday.

All this is a splendid statement of purpose. Will it, one must ask, amount within the next five years of Labour government to anything more? After all, most of it has been accepted, and some of it actually on the statute book, for nearly 15 years. Yet the reality still falls far short of the idea, and the next Labour government will certainly have to face difficulties no less great than those which have deterred its predecessors. Any statement of educational policy, in fact, involves two totally different sets of priorities. The first is the priority of emphasis within the education vote. Is the emphasis to be greater, for instance, on the recruitment of infant teachers or of graduate science teachers? Has the school population a greater need for more classrooms or more lavatories? And so on. Within this scale of priorities the Labour Party has chosen well. The reduction of the size of classes is far the most urgent need, and the elimination of the black-listed and sub-standard school comes a close second.

But these are the easier choices to make. And, in a sense, the less important ones. The far more difficult priority which a Labour government will have to determine is the share of the national budget which is to be earmarked for the education service as a whole. *Learning to Live* does not, in a purely formal sense, shirk this issue. 'The biggest single fact about our education today is that there is not enough of it', observes the pamphlet in its opening sentence. And later, after establishing the priorities already described: 'We must see that the money is found even if this means going without other things'. But are these statements realistic? The sincerity of the enthusiasts who have drafted the pamphlet is not in question; but the forbidding fact is that Labour is only too likely to take office at a moment of economic emergency, or at any rate to find itself confronted almost immediately with a balance of payments crisis. In those circumstances the long-term national investment in education may compare unfavourably in the eyes of even a Labour Chancellor with the quicker returns from oil refineries, let us say, or atomic power stations. It is the candour with which *Learning to Live* states its priorities which makes one realise how imponderable such commitments are until they can be weighed against a particular set of economic circumstances.

Having dealt with this first and all-important issue of priorities, the pamphlet moves on to questions of organisation, and so inevitably on to more controversial ground. On the whole, it negotiates the pitfalls skilfully and successfully. On the question of Comprehensive schools, for instance, the party has taken the right decision and has argued its case persuasively and sensibly. There are, in any case, the strongest possible social reasons why Socialists should prefer the system of Comprehensive schools to any other arrangement of secondary education. But even if these dogmatic reasons did not exist, the need to find some alternative for the present unsatisfactory system of segregation of children at the age of 11-plus is full justification at least for something like the Comprehensive principle. Moreover, *Learning to Live* sensibly recognises that, within that principle, a good many local variations can exist comfortably together: 'While insisting upon the principle, we realise that there may be a variety of ways of putting comprehensive education into practice'; and the pamphlet goes on to give its general blessing to such 'differing authorities' as Anglesey, Coventry, London and Leicestershire. There are now over 50 Comprehensive schools established in England and Wales, and public confidence in them is rapidly growing with experience. It may well be that the publication of this policy statement will mark the beginning of the end of a long-standing educational controversy.

On the Public schools, the Labour Party has probably taken the only decision which was practically possible. Though Socialists may dislike some of the values with which children are indoctrinated in the Public schools – as well as the system which enables a privileged ruling-class education to be reserved for an élite which is based largely on the possession of private means – it is impossible to abolish the Public schools effectively without making the purchase of private education illegal. And this, as the party rightly recognises, would be unconscionable. But leaving the Public schools alone is a different matter from subsidising them with public money; and it is over the Direct-Grant schools that an opportunity seems to have been missed. There is no reason whatever why the integration of such schools into the state system should lead to any falling off in standards, and there is the strongest objection to the use of public money to preserve them as private enclaves of fee-paying education. Nor is this objection met merely by increasing the numbers of local authority places – to do that, in fact, is really to do little more than increase the public subsidy. The Labour Party must recognise that the best chance of bringing state education up to the level which the best private education has achieved in the past is to make certain, if necessary under economic pressure, that the smallest possible number of people are tempted to contract out of it.

On this issue the pamphlet is vague and timorous. Indeed, it is not clear how far the next Labour government proposes to go in reducing the Direct-Grant list. It may plausibly be argued by those who advocate caution that to base a policy on the absolute principle that privately controlled education must pay its own way would undermine – perhaps with disastrous consequences – the religious settlement of 1944. But no Socialist can be content with the 1944 Act which, though it marked a substantial advance, was none the less designed to perpetuate the class privilege of a two-tier system. Sooner or later Labour will have to face the problem of amending the Act in matters which may involve religious controversy. There can be no firmer ground on which the party can take its stand than the basic proposition, which is bound to strike most people as just, that publicly financed education must be publicly controlled and that private education must be privately financed.

Taken all in all, this pamphlet is something of a landmark in educational politics and is certainly very much the most effective and important policy statement which the Labour party has issued in recent years. It is open, like most documents of its kind, to the charge that it is concerned with the administration and politics of schooling to the point where it tends to lose sight of the realities of teaching and being taught. There are basic questions about the purpose of education in a Socialist society, or even in the modern technological world, about the balance between science and the humanities, about the curricula of teaching, which remain unanswered, indeed largely unasked, by the Labour Party. But these more profound questions (though they ought to be asked) cannot be satisfactorily answered until the organisation of British education is on a classless foundation and every child in Britain has an equal opportunity to exploit his natural talent.

The Choice in Lebanon

(*By a Correspondent in Beirut*)

Until recently Lebanon was described in the western press as 'peaceful, prosperous, and pro-western', and visitors who arrived to see the bright lights of Beirut and the blocks of luxury flats mushrooming over one of the most expensive bits of Mediterranean coastline might well have agreed. The prosperity was genuine, if unevenly spread; but, as so often in an Arab country, the recent explosion was caused by political discontent rather than economic misery.

In 1861, following the massacres by Druze landlords of their Christian tenants, Lebanon became an autonomous 'mutassarifiyat' within the Ottoman Empire. The predominantly Muslim areas of Tripoli in the north, Tyre and Sidon in the south, and the Biqa Valley in the east, were not included in the province, thus leaving a heavy Christian majority. When, in 1920, the French assumed a mandate over Syria and Lebanon they restored these areas to re-create Le Grand Liban in its 'historic and natural frontiers'. The resulting state had only a small Christian majority, which many now believe to have disappeared.

However, the French favoured the Christians, who were indeed better educated, and they became the dominant political and economic group. In 1943, when Lebanon was about to become fully independent, the Christian President and Muslim Prime Minister of the time concluded the so-called National Pact, whereby the Muslims agreed that the Lebanon should retain its independence and special character, while in return the Christians agreed that Lebanon was an Arab country and would support Arab causes.

The National Pact was effective for several years after independence, but when the common dislike of French domination had receded dangerous cracks appeared. It was not obvious at the time, but a fatal step towards destroying the precarious balance on which Lebanon rests was taken at the time of Suez. A government of national unity was then formed, which excluded all those elements save those who were determined to keep the country pro-western at all costs. This was confirmed when the Foreign Minister, Charles Malik, who seems more responsive to opinion in Washington than opinion in Beirut, hastened to accept the Eisenhower Doctrine almost before the offer was made. Then, in the elections of 1957, all the weight of President Chamoun's authority was thrown into the scales to ensure the election of a parliament two-thirds of which would be yes-men, willing to elect the President for a second six-year term. Malik's chief opponent in the election, who had a good chance of winning, was persuaded by various means to withdraw.

Lebanon, therefore, now has a parliament which is largely unrepresentative of the people. In Tripoli, when someone refers to 'the President', the odds are that he means Nasser and not Chamoun, and when Nasser visited Damascus last March something approaching one-third of the Lebanese people went there just to cheer him. The prosperous Beirutis, if they don't ignore this altogether, merely say that these people are traitors to Lebanon, although they are not prepared to admit that there must be something seriously wrong with a state which can only command loyalty from half its inhabitants. It is inexplicable to them that anyone should fail to feel proud of their handsome silver-haired President ('who doesn't even look like an Arab') and his elegant wife.

But men like Chamoun are the Bourbons of the Middle East who have failed to understand the revolutionary forces that are against them. For a number of reasons the United Arab Republic would like to see Lebanon follow a more pro-Arab policy. Nasser regards Lebanon as the most effective base in the Middle East for the western political influence he hopes to destroy; and nobody doubts that Cairo and Damascus have given the Lebanese opposition moral and material support. It would indeed have been astonishing if their radios had not encouraged the rebels or if some arms had not crossed the border—especially since the Americans began to send in tanks and machine-guns to help the other side. But Nasser didn't start the rebellion. In the eyes of the Lebanese government his real guilt lies in the fact that he is still alive after beginning a successful Arab revolutionary movement. As a prominent Lebanese politician once told a Canadian journalist, 'There can be no peace in the Middle East until "Nasserism" is destroyed'. What he failed to realise was that Nasserism can exist without Nasser.

The opposition has won its immediate objective, which is to prevent the re-election of Chamoun for a second term. But in the long run a solution lies in the choice between two alternatives for the Lebanon. One is that the Christians and the Muslims should come together to remodel the National Pact. This would mean a shift, though not a swing, in foreign policy away from the extreme pro-western attitude of Malik. It would also mean that the Christians would have to accept a less dominating position in the country. Fortunately there are a number of prominent Christians who are quite ready to accept this, including the Maronite Patriarch, who not long ago pointed out that the Christians form a small minority in the Middle East and so must either co-operate with the Muslims on equal terms or leave. The other alternative is partition, with Lebanon returning to its pre-1920 borders and the Muslim areas in the north and south inevitably joining the UAR. Such a possibility is still referred to only in whispers, but if a true communal civil war broke out or if the Sixth Fleet landed marines to help Chamoun, it would become a certainty.

London Diary

THE case for regular inspection and supervision of prison and detention camps in Kenya by independent persons who are outside the government service seems overwhelming. This and other journals have published many allegations about these remote camps, particularly about conditions in Mageta Island. The matter has now been brought to a head by the *Observer's* publication of a letter signed by five prisoners in Lokitaung gaol in the northern province of Kenya. This letter also reached us, several other papers and a number of MPs. We held it for a week in order to check its authenticity. It seems that there must have been somewhere between a dozen and 20 precisely similar letters, each of them neatly handwritten, apparently signed individually by each of the five prisoners and posted in Nairobi. The technique for sending such a letter from a remote prison is not immediately obvious and no one, it seems to me, should be blamed for treating it with caution. Fenner Brockway wrote to Nairobi for confirmation. We consulted individuals who had visited some of the camps, and other newspapers appear to have consulted the Colonial Secretary. But Mr Lennox Boyd has been often questioned about similar allegations and has now reached the point of merely replying that he is assured by senior officials in Kenya that all such charges are baseless.

* * *

Such answers, which are based on a Minister's natural loyalty to his officials, can never satisfy either African opinion or thoughtful people anywhere; it is obvious that in these isolated camps shocking conditions and occasional atrocities are likely to occur and that when they are found by senior officials the Old Pals Protection Society is likely to come into operation. The *Observer* was, I think, justified in publishing the letter. On one occasion Mr Lennox Boyd informed Mrs Barbara Castle that in a case of prison mutiny, in order 'to reduce the possibility of strong resistance', Africans in prisons were not only punished by 'a reduced diet', but actually 'shut up without food and water for four days'. That is an appalling admission; a reduced diet is a standard prison punishment, but to keep any man or beast without water for four days in the tropics amounts to torture. If this could be admitted about Mageta Island, the charges about Lokitaung may also be true. Now that Kenya has its own legislature, members of the Legco, black and white alike, should have the same chances to visit all Kenya prisons that British MPs have to visit prisons here.

* * *

Some of the Tories who 'bayed' (as one MP described their form of self-expression) when Michael Foot's expulsion from France was discussed in the House, may well feel ashamed when they realise the issues at stake. Because they disapprove of Foot as a journalist, broadcaster and politician, they seem to have forgotten that the attitude of the British Embassy towards the arrest and expulsion of a highly reputable journalist may be important to all British subjects, including their own friends. The evasive Foreign Office statements in the House were torn to ribbons by Foot's letter in *The Times* (13 June). The Embassy did not take the trouble to make contact with Foot to find out whether there were facts to be advanced on his behalf, made no inquiries about the form of order under which he was expelled, and left the formalities of arranging for his hotel bill to be paid by his wife to an official who seems to have been kept in ignorance of any legal inquiries that had been made. So Foot was pushed out of the country and cannot go back there to exercise the right of appeal that might be his under French law. In brief the Ambassador seems to have taken it for granted that this was the right kind of treatment for a radical journalist. Since the Foreign Office has as yet sent no reply to Foot's damning letter, I suppose its policy is to hope that all will soon be forgotten.

* * *

In the House of Lords last Monday a government spokesman explained that it has the power by royal prerogative to withhold passports, but that it in fact does so only 'once or twice a year'. He said that it is not the passport that protects the rights of a British citizen abroad; that is always a 'normal function' of the government. (No one seems to have thought of interjecting 'Michael Foot?') Lord Stansgate explained that his reason for inquiry was his fear lest we 'follow the American precedent'. Ironically enough, it was announced the very next day that the Supreme Court had told Mr Dulles that he has no right arbitrarily to withhold anyone's passport. This ruling is the climax to a long series of cases in which the State Department has claimed its right, under a law of 1952, to deny a passport to anyone 'whose travel abroad would be contrary to national security'. Three of these cases have at last reached the Supreme Court, which has decided that the State Department may not inquire into the 'beliefs and associations' of applicants, since the right to travel is a liberty which cannot be denied without due process of law. In short, this decision means that the questions on the application form which ask about past and present association with the Communist Party are improper. In two cases—one of them was Rockwell Kent, the artist—the applicants had refused to answer these questions on principle. In the third case, a Mr Dayton had answered the questions, but had been refused a passport all the same because of 'secret information' that he had been associated with people involved in the Rosenberg case. This decision will remove a petty and stupid penalty imposed on many worthy people because they once signed a letter, or gave money to Spain, or annoyed some one who subsequently turned informer.

* * *

After reading his letter in this issue I still think Mr David Ross is mistaken in wanting to use the word 'Fascist' to describe de Gaulle. It is only too likely, as I've said, that he will prove to be a Hindenburg figure who lets in the Fascists. But we should be precise in our terminology. He is indeed a 'natural autocrat', a believer in authoritarianism. The distinction between this state of mind and Fascism may be narrow, but it was correctly made by de Gaulle's spokesman, M. Malraux, when he described de Gaulle's first cabinet. He said: 'There was no discussion at this session, which was of extreme formality, as in the time of Napoleon'.

* * *

Time is running out. Now de Gaulle wants France to join the nuclear club—unless those who belong to it already will disband it. This underlines one of the strongest arguments for Britain to give up the H-bomb: we might, thereby, ensure that its membership is restricted instead of letting in the French, the Germans, the Italians and anyone else who feels that possession of the bomb is a vital matter of national prestige. All the more reason, then, for the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament to widen its activities. On Sunday, the march on London starts from four main assembly points and ends with a Trafalgar Square rally at 7 p.m.

* * *

When I heard that S. K. Ratcliffe was 90 years old, I recalled an article he wrote in this journal about the election of Mayor Thompson whose slogan was 'Keep King George's snoot out of Chicago'. Very rarely indeed does one remember any particular piece of journalism published 30 years ago. Ratcliffe, who must have been in journalism longer than anyone else alive – he edited the *Echo* in 1900 – was for many years one of the most successful links between this country and the United States. He regularly lectured all over America. He is a survivor from a famous group of journalists, of whom the most distinguished were Brailsford and H. W. Nevinson; they worked for progressive causes on the old *Daily News*, the *Manchester Guardian*, Massingham's *Nation*, and in the *New Statesman*. Unlike the others, he used to be as popular as a speaker (and ethical lecturer, for instance, at Conway Hall) as a writer. One of his special interests was punctilious proof-reading, and it is only recently, since his eyesight began to fail, that postcards have ceased to arrive with a list of errors in last week's issue. And yet we still sin.

* * *

Nothing sillier was ever suggested in the House of Lords – and that's saying a lot – than the Government's proposal to hide the existence of some 400 permanently absent peers by granting them 'leave of absence'. As no signature can override the sovereign's writ of summons, the backwoodsmen's position would remain precisely as it was. They could still attend or stay away as they pleased. Oddest of all was the remark of that great Liberal, Lord Samuel, a member of the Cabinet which threatened to drown the Lords in a sea of new peers in 1911. He told their lordships on Monday that nothing should be done to prevent the backwoodsmen from turning up at moments of economic or political crisis – on such an occasion, for instance, as the Lloyd George budget?

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A woman whose husband is accused of trying to drown her, said yesterday that he had seemed changed and worried, and was reading very heavy literature. He became more interested in intellectual TV and radio programmes. – E. Jones. (*News Chronicle*.)

Lieutenant-Colonel N. Lovett, of the New House, whose new address will be 7, Old Road, said: 'We don't like being regarded as suburbia. Most of us will fix the numbers on but we certainly won't put it on our notepaper'.—*Times*. (C. M. Shearman.)

Mrs George Knight, a neighbour of Lord Hastings and 'Squire' of Melton Constable, Norfolk, has been running round her garden in the middle of the night . . . naked.

'I had an owl tucked under my arm,' she said, by way of explanation. – J. G. E. Bedford. (*Daily Mail*.)

Downtrodden Natives

'Genuine Hindus, opulent Sikhs stood around in the foyer and watched in wonder as Londoners arrived in hired native dress.' (*Evening Standard* on the première of *The Wind Cannot Read*).

The Londoner no longer wears
His own, proprietary pairs
Of pants – apart from millionaires
The brothers Moss supply 'em;
His native dress is not his own
And when a première is shown
His togs are all supplied on loan –
He can't afford to buy 'em,

Which visitors from Hindustan
Are well aware, because they can
Detect that every Englishman
Has hired his dinner jacket.
How do they know? Why do they stare?
Flaunting the Gathered Moss we wear,
Have we a crude, presumptuous air,
Or do we sadly lack it?

Perchance a crumpled look is found
In those who travel Underground,
But (even if that isn't sound)
I'm feeling none too tender
Toward Sir John, who made me run
And squeeze and push when I – for one –
So loathed his policy of un-
Conditional surrender.

For I was tired of crowded trains,
(And when I walk it always rains) –
I'll bet that Elliot never deigns
To queue at District Stations;
Well might the Sikh and Hindu gape
At every battered, crumpled shape –
Our Cousins we can now escape,
But not our Rich Relations.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Campaign Report

THE Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament started in the columns of this journal; and its readers deserve a report how the Campaign is getting on. I offer some personal notes, based on a good deal of speaking at meetings all over the country, but with a warning that the experience of others may be different. The Campaign has succeeded in its first object. It has rallied the converted and given them confidence by showing each of them that he is not alone. Everywhere it can rely on good meetings—never less than two or three hundred, sometimes 3,000 as at Birmingham or Manchester. We must go on inspiring the converted by such means as marches and other forms of direct action. Nevertheless the predominance of the converted at meetings has its drawback. The great weapon of the Campaign, to my mind, is argument; and we cannot argue unless we have someone to argue with. The converted do not care much for argument; they want enthusiasm. I often detect restlessness in the audience when I develop the practical, even cynical argument, that we should be more secure from a military point of view without the H-bomb. The converted do not want to be secure; they do not like to be told that we should be stronger without nuclear weapons. And it is a hard task to win the waverers without losing the convinced.

My own feeling, which may well be wrong, is that our arguments are not yet finding their mark. Most people have not grasped the extent of the devastation that nuclear warfare will cause; and they cling to the contemporary faith that 'science' will somehow find both a defensive answer to destruction and a cure for radiation. We are certainly paying a bitter penalty for the general belief that there are no limits to the miracles which science can perform. In this country we have a particular disadvantage. There are far too few nuclear physicists on our platforms. This is surely a disgraceful situation. In America nuclear physicists are leading the campaign; in Germany the outstanding nuclear physicists have pledged themselves not to make the H-bomb. In Russia Peter Kapitza, now perhaps the greatest name in nuclear physics, refused from the first to have anything to do with research for destruction. He risked much and suffered much. In England most nuclear physicists do just what they are told and regard the Campaign with sceptical disapproval.

It is a gloomy thought that the pull of the Establishment here is stronger than the call of American or German patriotism or than the terror of Soviet Communism. We have biologists in plenty. As a result, people begin to agree that tests are dangerous; but are relatively unmoved by the far greater danger of nuclear war. Most of them indeed still acquiesce in the government's declared policy that it would drop H-bombs *first*, for the sake of our oil interests or even—height of absurdity—in defence of rocket-bases in Cyprus.

Our second failure is that we have not made our alternative clear or precise enough. Even when people are shaken by our account of nuclear destruction, they are inclined to answer: 'So what?' They cannot believe that there is a better way. The Campaign now stands for unilateral abandonment by this country of all nuclear weapons; but there are still traces in its policy statement of the initial attempt to include everyone from pacifists to the United Nations Association. It still talks of 'first steps' and unilateral abandonment 'if necessary'; and resolutions at meetings, when moved, often steer clear of unilateral abandonment. I thought from the beginning that this statesmanlike attitude was a mistake; and I think so more strongly now. Of course we want the Campaign to be as wide as possible; but the emphasis should be on *possible*, not on *wide*. When people ask for a solution, we ought to insist that unilateral abandonment is the only possible solution. Everyone wants to get rid of the bomb—or everyone except perhaps Duncan Sandys. We want to get rid of it in this country here and now.

Having said this, we need to go further and to show that unilateral abandonment is the best, indeed the only, method of negotiation. It is a tiny chance; but there is no other. As it is, we often give the impression of being on the defensive. We seem to admit that the country is secure now, that international negotiations are one way of getting rid of the bomb, and that we are cranks in wanting to try some other way. We need to be more insistent that the present position is one of imminent danger and that our policy offers the only way out. It is the handicap of a non-political movement that we are reluctant to offend anyone. We slip into treating those who disagree with us as men of good will; whereas good will is merely another name for inaction. We encounter another obstacle. The essence of the Campaign is that a moral challenge can be stronger than nuclear weapons. People no longer believe this. They once thought that faith could move mountains. Now they doubt whether it can move molehills.

There is a special problem here, caused by the age-distribution in the Campaign. The members of the audiences are over 50 or under 25. Why this should be, I do not know. The missing generation are said to be all baby-sitting. I think rather that—having been taken for suckers in the war against Hitler—they are now resolved never to believe anything again, and regard the march to destruction with helpless resignation. At any rate the cleavage between the generations makes it difficult to strike a common note. The over 50s remember the Peace Ballot, sanctions, and the Abyssinian war. They want the old phrases about morality and disarmament, despite the fact that these have been discredited—rightly or wrongly—by the failure to prevent the Second World War. They are shocked by the argument that getting rid of nuclear war would enable us to spend more on conventional weapons. The under 25s are exactly the opposite. My undergraduate friends at Oxford all say: 'Give us the practical arguments against the H-bomb and cut out the uplift'.

It is the same wherever students are in the audience. There is a shiver of distaste at the moral approach. Yet we must make it. The Campaign will never succeed if we are in it merely to save our own miserable skins. Mr. Strachey writes: 'It is the other people's bombs, not our own, which would destroy us'. Apparently it does not worry him that we are planning to destroy millions of other people, equally innocent or perhaps – like the ten million Indians who may be poisoned by American bombs dropped in Siberia —more innocent. It worries me. Sooner or later we shall have to win the younger generation back to morality. I wonder where they learnt that it was buncombe. Was it from contemporary philosophers or from the day-to-day behaviour of statesmen? This country of ours fought two world wars mainly for high principle; and the only lesson drawn from this by the young is that might is right. It now seems unbearably priggish to say that the country which went to war for the sake of Belgium and Poland must not, in any circumstances, drop the H-bomb. But it is true.

There is another cleavage in our audiences which it is even more urgent to overcome. The Campaign is a movement of eggheads for eggheads. We get a few trade union leaders, themselves crypto-eggheads. We get no industrial workers. Here—let me be frank about it—the Labour Party has done us great harm, and done it deliberately. The party launched an anti-nuclear campaign of its own, held a few public and private meetings and issued one pamphlet. The Labour Party's campaign was meant to kill us, not the bomb; and it has had an effect. Not indeed the pamphlet. Reading passages from this makes the audiences laugh so much that they often accuse me of having made them up. But the general impression of Labour's action remains, and we run against the solid loyalty that is the strongest element in the Labour movement. We are accused of being a splinter-group, though, thank heavens, we cannot be accused of being fellow-travellers. The Communists never did a better day's work than when they opposed unilateral disarmament.

The unspoken accusation against the Campaign is untrue. We are not seeking to disrupt the Labour Party nor to challenge the present leadership. We are seeking to win it over. We offer it the moral leadership of the world. I understand Labour hesitations and equivocations. The Labour Party backed unilateral disarmament and moral suasion in the Thirties when these turned out to be wrong; and now it shrinks from unilateral nuclear disarmament and moral suasion though they are the only hope. We must be patient with these doubts, though this is often hard in the heat of the moment on the platform. We are entitled to point out that the logic of making the H-bomb is that you must be prepared to use it. But we must never forget that ultimately we have to convert the Labour Party, just as the Anti-Corn-Law League converted Sir Robert Peel. The Anti-Corn-Law League used plenty of rhetoric and emotion, but its decisive weapon was persistent argument. That is our weapon also. The H-bomb is morally wrong; and it is idiotic into the bargain. It took the Anti-Corn-Law League eight years to argue its way to victory. I doubt whether we have that long. But, whatever the time, we must go on arguing.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Small Victim

THE Oxford undergraduate magazine *Isis* is, by the decision of its middle-aged proprietors, to cease being a radical and serious weekly expressing undergraduate thought and reactions to the great issues of our time. Last week, the directors of University Newspapers, Ltd., decided to make a break with tradition, and refused to accept the nomination of any member of this term's staff as the next editor. They also informed me, as editor, that they were disgusted and offended with the Socialism that had marked *Isis* of recent years, and that this drift must be halted. Since I was refused permission to make any comment at all on this decision in the remaining issue of the term, I resigned, and the rest of the staff walked out with me. Put baldly and directly like this, the ensuing rumpus must seem extraordinarily trivial and parochial to people outside the University, but I believe that this change of policy from above has many disturbing implications.

Irritated by the so-called 'new pacifism' that is seeping through British universities, Lord Hailsham has already attempted to dismiss it all by making the adjective 'undergraduate' synonymous with the immaturity, irresponsibility and dangerously unthinking posturing that he believes characterised the period when he was a firm believer in the policies of appeasement. And, in general it has to be conceded that undergraduate journalism, at least, shades all too often into a slightly more sophisticated and self-consciously 'intellectual' dilution of popular press frivolity, giving more satisfaction to its apprentice contributors than its readers. *Isis*, with 60 years of existence behind it, has claims to being the most famous and yet the most typical of these eruptions, and its changes in policy and content always provide a vivid and sometimes startling commentary on the changing moods and assumptions of the young and articulate. But through all these changes, I know of no other occasion, when the proprietors, in consultation with a senior member of the university, have seen fit to suppress the political arguments and the free expression of their undergraduate staff. Somewhere lurks that growing fear of vigour and rebellion that is coming to stain this sterile, conformist society of ours. The Establishment is a useful but perhaps unfortunate journalist's label that has given a shambling kind of identity to many diverse limbs, but the phrase has a certain genuine ring to it in this affair. The managing director of the press that produces *Isis* has been quoted in the newspapers as saying that he is 'for this country as it stands', a peculiarly repulsive statement, and that we have been attacking too many 'time-honoured' things without offering 'constructive alternatives'. Granted that the H-bomb *Isis*, and the arrest of two of its contributors for an alleged breach of the Official Secrets Act, have caused distress to these businessmen and certain members of Oxford senior common rooms, the discreet interval of time still does not countenance such a blatant interference with our desire to say what we believe in the way we desire. The Proctors, hovering dark-gowned and vigilant in the background, had already informed me earlier this term that their medieval wrath would descend upon us if we produced any more articles like the now infamous 'Frontier Incidents' one, or gave, in their own words, 'propaganda against the West'.

Isis used to be a preserve for smart young men in gaily coloured waistcoats – bright, cynical, full of gossip and puerile chatter, it spoke as if from another world, and a long-dead one, thank God. Only in the Thirties can a kindred feeling be found, for there on the pages like our own are strewn the passion and argument that were to be so cruelly rewarded. Yet even then the reports of Aneurin Bevan's first visit to the university's Labour Club are distant in understanding and peculiarly without sympathy for this still strange phenomenon. Suez, however, was a shock that led to more than coach-loads of undergraduates to lobby the House, and slogans whitewashed by night on college walls. For the first time many undergraduates realised that politics was much too important a thing to be left to the government and ought to be shared round the governed a bit. *Isis* inevitably caught this mood: the anger of the young is not always the synthetic outpouring that jaded reviewers would like to believe, not in the face of events like Suez, issues like the Bomb, the steady corroding of the Welfare State, the feeling that the collapse of the great political myths has sent up enough dust to obscure the idealism of those who should have been our leaders, the embarrassments of class and the lack of faith in many hallowed assumptions.

For, in a sense, it is we who have lost direction, since, however pathetic a belief in the Royal Family, the flag and the rolled umbrella, it cannot always be reduced to hypocrisy. The 'national unity' of 1940 was surely not entirely fortuitous, and, as Orwell shows, patriotism again found its place. 1945 carried this strange mystique of participation a little further, but now, thanks in part to the philistinism of the Labour Party and the resilience of the rotten traditions it was attacking, the young are once again in revolt – Teddy Boys measure it in a trouser-length, and undergraduates in what must appear vulgar, ranting abuse to those who waddle through life with the astounding ability to remain complacent. Small wonder that our attitudes and language should have annoyed our elders and betters into breaking our policies and sacking the staff.

Even if it were possible to justify this unprecedented attack on undergraduate freedom of expression, it would remain untrue to claim that any other form of journal would do justice to the mood of present-day Oxford, or at least its most intelligent sections. Gossip and the languid, world-weary air cultivated by the old *Isis* is entirely inappropriate now. With Brize Norton bombers carrying H-bombs flying over the changing Oxford skyline, and the hideous new Woolworths squatting like an overgrown juke-box in the Cornmarket, *Isis* was not out of tone. It had to shout, and the fact that it has been muffled is a shameful comment on the fears and prejudices of those who refuse to see what is happening around them.

DENIS POTTER

You and your Hovis

If you like to eat well, the bread you prefer is probably Hovis, because you have discovered it has far more flavour and goodness than ordinary brown. But why has it?

TALE OF THREE It is really a matter of the flour, for flours differ considerably in their ingredients, and the quantities of them. There are virtually just three ingredients that can be juggled with—the three parts in the grain of wheat, from which flour is made.

WHAT'S IN A GRAIN One part is the bran (or outer husk) which may or may not suit you, the second is the starchy body of the grain (the kernel), and number three is the tiny wheatgerm, the heart of the grain, which is full of goodness out of all proportion to its size.

From those ingredients, how are the recipes for different flours made up?

BREAD SECRETS To produce white loaves, all the starchy kernel is included, but none of the doubtful bran and none of the good wheatgerm. There are various recipes for brown bread flours, but usually only a part of the wheatgerm is used, and some of the bran, while wholemeal bread is made from the whole wheat grain, just as it is.

THE HEART OF THE MATTER When it comes to Hovis, the recipe shows one vital difference. Eight times *more* of the good wheatgerm—the heart of the wheat—goes into Hovis. But the bran is discarded and goes to feed animals, so that you get all the body of the grain (the kernel) plus eight times more of the wheatgerm.

It is the extra wheatgerm that gives you the extra flavour and goodness in your Hovis. So now you know . . .

DON'T JUST SAY 'BROWN'—SAY **Hovis**

THAT'S BETTER!

The Blight of Detroit

EVEN if statistics do not normally impress you, it is hard not to marvel at the sight of a finished car being driven off the assembly line at the Ford works in Detroit every 55 seconds. But you don't have to be a man from Mars to ask why. For in every dealer's parking lot you can see fleets of these shiny new models, unsold and at present unsellable. In fact, the modern miracle of mechanical ingenuity which I witnessed at Ford's has so far piled up 900,000 unwanted automobiles.

Outside a church mission in Detroit I saw men and women lining up for soup. They were a small portion of the city's 230,000 unemployed, 15.7 per cent. of the working population. The figure for the state of Michigan stands currently at 440,000. Of those still employed more than half are on short time.

These are the twin factors underlying the American recession: serious overproduction and chronic unemployment in the automobile industry. Out of every seven occupied Americans, one is employed in auto or supporting industries, and hence Michigan is known to American economists as the 'barometer state'. With national steel production already at 48 per cent. of capacity and nation-wide unemployment approaching five and a half million, the barometer reading bodes ill. For whilst in Washington they still speak of recession, in Detroit they are talking about *depression.*

At one of the unemployment compensation offices I talked with workers as they queued for their cheques. Under Michigan law those who were able to work for at least 14 weeks in a period of 12 months are eligible for unemployment compensation for a period of 26 weeks. The average payment is $36 a week—equivalent to about two weeks' rent. Under union 'guaranteed minimum wage' contracts, workers are entitled to receive supplementary pay, designed to bring their total compensation up to 60 per cent. of their normal take-home wages.

It is sometimes joked at the expense of the American worker that, going on the dole, he goes by car. Most of the men I spoke to had come in their cars to the unemployment office, but most of the cars were still unpaid for, as were the television sets and washing machines which are more compulsory than luxurious in contemporary America. Those who owned their own homes and did not have heavy payments to keep up found they could manage on the compensation money; others were having to spend their savings. Many of them were receiving surplus food products distributed by the Department of Agriculture. The monthly ration for a family of three is five pounds of cheese, three pounds of rice, and a carton of powdered milk.

I asked some of them how they explained the distressing situation in their industry. Most of them thought it was something to do with 'those who have the money'. Their general attitude was apathetic and hopeless: few believed they would soon be back at their jobs; I found no one who hoped to find other work. What would they do when the 26 weeks were up? They didn't know. Few of them had ever been on welfare relief, but many of them will have to when their savings give out. Michigan unemployed are exhausting their benefits at the rate of a thousand a day; Detroit's welfare load is rocketing. Some of them have relations in other parts of the country and are thinking of moving out. But others are 'Michiganders' with as much as 20 years' seniority in the industry. They have nowhere else to go. Nor have the Negroes who flocked to Detroit during the war and post-war booms and have broken their ties with the South to the point of no return.

To enter Solidarity House, headquarters of the United Automobile Workers (UAW), I had to pass through a picket line of Chrysler workers, who had been laid off to make way for the re-employment of other workers with more seniority. Frustration runs high and the complicated seniority agreements have little meaning when men find themselves on the streets. The repute of the union stands low in Detroit. A UAW official explained to me that union activities are directed primarily at those with jobs, and the tendency is to lose touch with those made jobless by the closing of their plants. Most of the men I met expressed their faith in the leadership of UAW president, Walter Reuther, but few seemed to think that his profit-sharing scheme would help to create jobs. The degree of information concerning the industry or the union was slight, but there was a general trust in sticking together and following the leader.

At the Ford plant I took a guided tour with a 'Junior Achievement' party of High School children. We were driven in a bus through the endless empire of workshops, blast furnaces, wharfs and office buildings, where, according to the guide, almost everything is the biggest in the world. The great showpiece is the Rotunda, 'the largest permanent industrial exhibit building in America', a vast pear-shaped white construction in which little Johnnie can sit in the driving seat of the latest convertible or try his hand at testing crankshafts. Sixteen miles out on the other side of town stands the new General Motors technical centre and the Chrysler missile plant with their spectacular new buildings of glass and steel. For most of the workers the trip to work is a long one; some drive from as far away as 70 miles every day.

Back at the compensation office an old man was distributing leaflets announcing a rally for the unemployed on the following day at Lansing, the state capital. He was an old union man now retired. I asked him how the situation compared with the Thirties. He said it was now 'getting that way'.

I drove to the rally in one of the buses organised by the union. On the bus one of the union leaders tried to set off some singing, but after the first two lines of 'Solidarity for ever', the half-hearted response petered out in embarrassment. The only singer who persisted was a large beaming Negro with no teeth who had composed his own song, the only line of which was 'Three days' work and four days drinking wine'.

At Lansing some three and a half thousand unemployed listened politely to a Republican state legislator, the Democratic Governor, and Roy Reuther, Walter's brother. The purpose of the rally was to prevent the passing of a Republican bill which aimed at reducing the compensation budget, so as to keep taxes down and halt the migration of job-providing big business to other states where taxation (and social expenditure) is lower. The Democrats and the UAW wanted a bill which would extend and increase the benefits. The Eisenhower administration was attacked by Governor Williams and Mr Reuther and the audience cheered and booed appropriately. The Governor shook a lot of hands, after which the unemployed had a free lunch.

After lunch, some of them went to hunt out their representatives in the Capitol building, whilst the majority hung around the buses. Most of the legislators appeared to have disappeared into recess. Inside the Capitol it was hot and full of noisy schoolchildren; it was more pleasant to sit outside in the sun. Soon it was time for the buses to reload and set off back to Flint, Grand Rapids, Detroit and the other auto cities.

Back in Detroit it was dusk. The neons were blazing 'Buy this . . . Buy that'. The recession is largely psychological, we had been assured at Lansing: we had only to have confidence in America and to spend accordingly. In the little square houses sprawled around the long, broad expressways which race into the city, the television sets were glowing domestically, some for the last time before the man came to take them away.

PETER JENKINS

Double Homers

AS the train went cold, Mr Pudby rolled up his green flag and took a small pie from the oven in the guard's van. A thin, knobbly Yorkshireman, like a ridge cucumber, he wore several union badges; in his button-hole hung an over-blown pink tulip. He walked through Euston, nodding to a shunter, tipping a lordly finger at the 'Comet' loco crew.

'Night runs again, Mr Pudby?' 'Aye, back in Double Homers' room', he sighed, 'ten bob a day ter keep me off the welfare'. 'Keep ya off the drink,' grinned the engine driver, who earned mileage and could afford to be ironic. Thumb on watch-chain, he paced into the hinterland where passengers do not belong. It smelt of wet coal, tea, and decay.

Someone tapped him on the arm. 'Are you aware,' cawed a youngish man, 'of breaking the regulations concerning uniform?' The guard bent to peer at him. 'An' who t' bloody hell are you?'

'I'm from the General Manager's office', said the apparition, aligning his razor-edge tie, 'so it might be advisable to limit your language'.

Dazed, Mr P. fell back a step. 'That er . . . flower, in your button-hole. See it's removed, please'. Without waiting for the guard to comply, he vanished down a colonnade of majestic filth.

'Straight from college, I warrant,' Mr Pudby exploded in the Guards' Room, 'spyin', cheeky varmin. Thirty-three years on railway, God 'elp me—an' this!'

'I bet you don't take 'ome arf what he does,' exclaimed a cadaverous giant frying bacon on the stove; 'one of 'em come into my van, sits there quiet; not a word out on 'im, till Wolverhampton. Then he says, sharp like, "whadyer know about Automatic Control?" I invented the bloody thing, I says, before you was born!'

A rumble of laughter shook the tea cans. ''Tisn't true, now!' protested Morgan, who had ulcers and used to run the 'Red Dragon' from Camarthen, 'we've put Automatic on the Great Western, years and years ago'.

'God's Wonderful Railway,' jeered the cadaver, spearing his bacon, 'didn't they tell you we was nationalised?'

Men from the old LMS (known as the ''ell of a mess') don't feel the sentiment of crews formerly on the GWR.

'Corruption,' growled Mr Pudby, 'aye, they're all Masons, up top', lowering his tulip into a mug of water, 'who save the good jobs for Masons'.

'Better watch out, man,' warned Morgan gravely, 'you'll be losing the Good Conduct'.

On retirement, they may claim 30s a week for good conduct. After 45 years' service, they get either a gold watch or a Big Ben chiming clock.

Wiping his chin on a green flag, the cadaver from Wolverhampton chewed through a cut loaf, damp and grey as the walls. Veterans prefer cooking their own food, although the canteen is cheap. 'All 'otted up, yer know, same as they 'ave on train buffet'. 'Aye, that's how I ruined me liver,' recalled Mr Pudby. Before the National Union won sick pay for members of 15 years' standing, he couldn't afford to be ill a single day. Now, when a big match was due, his liver would co-operate. Morgan had given up ulcers, even for a Cup Final, because his daughter did Russian ballet, an expensive business. He applied for overtime, in vain: 'The inspector don't like Welshmen!'

'Corruption,' repeated Mr Pudby, 'I'm ashamed to be a railwayman, these days'. 'Stinkin' fish,' agreed his bony colleague through a mouthful of bread, 'they pays the goddam shareholders two million a year, and waste a fortune patchin' stations what no one 'll use'.

Coaxing his sad pink tulip into shape, the guard buttoned his waistcoat. 'I'm off to barracks,' he said, 'anyone coming along?'

A bed cost 1s 6d, subsidised by British Railways. 'I'd rather sleep on a bench,' Morgan thoroughly cleaned his boot with a train journal, ''tis wicked, the noise there!'

'Not so bad as Liverpool.' Arguing the relative demerits of a hostel in Camden Town, they waved to Mr Pudby as he left, yawning, for a nap before the night run.

Drizzle filtered through the grimy arches, making them shine like whales. Birds pecked at a sandwich trodden underfoot.

GERDA L. COHEN

The Arts and Entertainment

A Resolved Hamlet

MR MICHAEL REDGRAVE is one of the more anomalous figures in that strangely anomalous institution, the British Theatre. He is generally considered the most intellectual of our leading actors; and yet his first jump to success was made by way of popular films, and his success was founded, one may deduce, primarily on his strikingly handsome appearance. He was already then a young actor of great promise, picked out as such by that picker with a flair, William Armstrong of Liverpool. But it was presumably his looks rather than his intelligent and sensitive acting that the films of that time were ready to pay top prices for.

Already, then, there must have been the danger of a split developing in his personality (a danger that he has been robust enough to cope with, though it probably has not been easy). The life of a publicity-ridden film star and the life of a dedicated artist-actor are different things, hard to reconcile. And he was, and has remained, both at the same time. If there had been at that time any sort of institutionalised art theatre in England, demanding his allegiance, he might have been split right in two. But, luckily perhaps for him, there wasn't. He was able to profit by his success in films to build up for himself the kind of stage career he wanted; the films gave him the freedom to choose – to choose the kind of plays and parts that appealed to him, the kind that would develop him along the lines he marked out for himself.

But if one reads between the lines of the agreeable essays and lectures which he has just published under the title of *Mask or Face* (Heinemann, 18s.), does one not feel another related thread of potential conflict running faintly beneath the surface there, a conflict between sympathy and talent? All Mr Redgrave's sympathies are with the group approach to acting, with team-playing and the feeling of an ensemble; but his talent cries out to be let loose on the big bravura roles, and he laments the absence of these in modern plays. The claims are not irreconcilable, but they are hard to reconcile (and I can imagine that had he been born a Russian, apprenticed to the Moscow Art Theatre, he might have earned several spells in Siberia before he learned to reconcile them!) But it is just this double view, I think, which gives his comments on modern acting methods their balance. His sympathies might incline him to sell out to Stanislavsky or The Method. Perhaps at some time or other he almost has; but cheerfulness – in the shape of his experience as a star actor – keeps breaking in. So he is fighting on both fronts, and this makes him the best possible guide to how to take your Stanislavsky or your method and get the best out of them. Indeed his mind now, while refreshingly open to new ideas and new movements, is also refreshingly sensible, level and forthright.

This brings us by a lucky transition to the Hamlet which he offered at Stratford in the same week in which his book was published. Is it mere coincidence, or a mark of this stage of his growth, that he attempts to impose on us here a Hamlet with just these three qualities? A certain maturity is in any case imposed on him by the actual physical facts. He has learned to accept facts and he accepts this one, and would make it a virtue. This is a Hamlet of thirty, not a man of action, but not an irresolute either. A reflective young man thrown into the unaccustomed position of having to act, and taking it calmly and reflectively stage by stage. Bitter, but not neurotic, about his mother's marriage, he has experienced no hint of foreknowledge that it needed a murder to bring it off. The ghost's pronouncement does not, as often, come as the confirmation of some deliberately buried fear. It comes – production and acting make it clear – as a complete surprise, a totally new idea to him, difficult to believe, harder to accept. But it must be considered by him as a hypothesis to be tested; step by step he will set out to prove it or disprove it. Believing no one, trusting no one, but confident of his ability to decide between true and false.

This comparatively cool and logical approach is intended to put the story, as a story, on a logical basis. But it failed to convince me. If anyone could have, it would have been Mr Redgrave. No one gives us, as Mr. Redgrave does, such a feeling of having an absolute intellectual grasp of the whole of a part, and of every detail in it; and you can be quite sure with him that every minutest one of these details has been calculated for a special effect. Take a fairly obvious one as an illustration. When Hamlet comes across Claudius praying, Mr Redgrave delivers the whole of his speech ('Now might I do it, pat . . .') in a whisper. With another actor this might be thought just a dramatic stunt. But Mr Redgrave is not the sort of actor to indulge in stunts for their own sake. He knows that at this point his reading of the play is in danger. Hamlet, if he is not an irresolute, would at this point kill his uncle and the play would end. There is no longer anything to stop him: and his speech is mere self-exculpation. But by whispering this, Mr Redgrave throws a smokescreen of realism over the speech. It is a brilliant piece of legerdemain,

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which is also, in dramatic terms, very effective.

But dramatically effective in general is just what Mr Redgrave's reading is not, for all the lucid intelligence that has gone to the making of it. We cannot but admire it – it is so perfectly done; but we cannot respond to it. Indeed *pace* Mr Redgrave, a resolute Hamlet is a contradiction in terms. Whatever facet of the Hamlet myth different ages, or different actors, may choose to emphasise, there is one constant – immaturity. The brilliant and admired young man finds himself in a situation which, if he were only maturer, would be manageable enough. But it is just such family situations which bowl over the immature. Immaturity can only substitute the ability to romanticise and self-dramatise, and Hamlet does just that. The experience of *Hamlet* for an audience is the re-living of the romantic self-dramatisings we all fall back on when young to cover up our failure to cope. It is this exhibition that we go to see, and we want to see it done not clumsily and feebly, as we did it. We expect to see Hamlet do it again for us but brilliantly. He must do it as Hedda would say, beautifully.

Mr Glen Byam Shaw's production had his characteristic mark; it is there to put the play and the chief actor, not himself, in the foreground. But its treatment of the other actors was too loose and unknit. It missed all closeness of relation, political and personal, between the members of the court, and Motley's set was decorative rather than helpful. This was a nondescript all-over-the-place, unrelated court. Miss Dorothy Tutin made a gently touching child of an Ophelia. This particular reading worked badly for the Gertrude of Miss Googie Withers. But she showed enough of her quality in her first Shakespearean part to make us look forward to her Beatrice later in the season.

T. C. Worsley

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The Jet Jetty

The sort of buildings that get opened by Royalty are usually just what one would expect – whitened sepulchres of Establishment compromise. But Gatwick airport is different. It is not neo-Georgian – in fact it's so up-to-date it shames the tatty old BEA Dakotas on the tarmac, and looks down – in more than the physical sense – on that annual orgy of technological sentimentality, the old crocks tottering down to Brighton. It avoids the deliberate provincialism that makes London Airport look Dutch or Swedish, and attempts instead that International Style of exposed concrete framing with brick infill – for the control buildings, airside – or steel framing and glass – for the landside buildings, that the traveller or the interested visitor actually passes through.

This attempt at world-class architecture comes off. Admittedly, the planning is cockeyed at the moment because only half the main concourse block is included in the first phase, and there are points where one would like to fault the architects – Yorke, Rosenberg and Mardall – on details; but this is only because they fall short of the canonical quality set by the master of steel and glass, Mies van der Rohe. If an English building gets into the class where it can be compared to Mies's work at all (and there is only one other in the country) then it is more to the point to concentrate on its virtues, and leave shop critics to haggle over the details in the professional press.

The outstanding virtue, subsuming all others, is that the concourse block is for, about, over and entirely entangled with problems of transportation. The apron comes hard up against it airside, the railway station leans on the back of it landside. The main Brighton road, which has to get through somewhere, does so by the Gordian solution of going straight underneath, with ramps to take vehicles up to concourse level. From a corner of the concourse near the left-luggage desk you can stand, already thirty feet up, and look down through the enormous windows on to the railway, just to your left, the hurrying main-road traffic almost under your feet.

The concourse itself is relatively free from 'architecture' in the arty sense – 98 per cent. of what you can see is the tackle needed to process, ticket and service passengers, to feed them and for them to wait in or on, grouped into a bright, brash, busy mechanistic scene that says air-travel as surely as Frith's Paddington says rail-travel.

But Gatwick's five-star feature is the 'passenger finger', a pitifully inexpressive term for a covered two-storey walkway that takes passengers 800 feet in the dry across the apron with the airliners arranged down either side of it like moored ships. The uppermost deck of this air-pier or jet-age jetty is an open public area – 'waving base' in official terminology – that gives one a grandstand or pierhead view of the comings and goings, the passengers and the luggage trucks, the fuel tankers and the service crews, the mysterious officials with clips of documents on the tarmac below. This is the kind of imaginative device that reduces the traditional cinder-surfaced spectator-compound to the level of positively bad public relations, but it is also the kind of imaginative device that inflames the average bureaucrat's tendency to close things, and I have not the slightest doubt that there will be a series of carefully contrived panics about the risk of small boys throwing ice-cream cartons, and lengthy periods of inexplicable repairs – bumbledom got away to a good start by keeping it closed five days after the opening ceremony. If BEA want to do a good job of selling air-transport to the travelling public, they had better detail a young and enthusiastic officer to see that the jet jetty is kept open as permanently as possible.

Reyner Banham

Brill and De Francia

Frederick Brill (Galerie de Seine, West Halkin Street, SW1) is a stolid, independent, obstinately prosaic painter. But – at 37 – he is also a painter of great promise. Investors and dealers who have long-term plans should hurry along. Brill's master is Courbet, particularly in his attitude to his subject matter; his actual method of painting depends on lessons learnt from English topographical landscapes, Cézanne and Cubism. His subjects are firework displays, quarries, bridges, piers and rocks. The firework canvasses are highly formalised and semi-abstract. Yet, surprisingly, these are not the latest but the earliest pictures on show. During the last six years Brill has ignored his contemporaries on the way up, and kept his eyes on his subjects. As a result, he has painted the most mature – in at least one sense – realist works that have been produced here. The maturity of his work lies in its understanding of weight and mass. Each protuberance or fissure in one of his rock faces reveals the pressures which have caused or preserved it. He looks at nature as a carpenter might look at another man's table. It is his practical insight which prevents him being literal and it is his professionalism that saves him from formalism – which is, in essence, always amateurish. When Brill puts a red mark against a yellow one to show where a plane of stone has turned through 60 degrees, he would be as ashamed, if this mark did not do its job properly, as a carpenter whose dove-tailing worked loose. He has, in fact, the *manual* imagination and sensibility of a true painter. What I think he lacks is any interest or feeling for the atmospheric aspects of a landscape. He is a painter of solids, not of air, and it is for this reason that I hope he will now begin to paint figures, animals (?), nudes. Certainly the latter. He would be as well equipped as any painter in the country.

The somewhat unhumorously entitled exhibition of *The Dying Art*, at Roland, Browse and Delbanco, is a show of modern portraits ranging from about 1910 to the present day. The Foreword explains that portraiture is dying because 'Man is slowly renouncing belief in his supreme position in the universe . . . the change from nineteenth-century liberalism to twentieth-century conformism . . .' etc. The apocalyptic wail! In fact – as the best paintings on show prove – only official portraiture has died: for the simple reason that the ruling class can no longer glory in any aspect of the truth about themselves.

If, however, the Foreword is hot air, the exhibition is a most interesting one. It reveals (and I weigh my words) that we have in this country a portrait painter comparable with Kokoschka; Peter de Francia is a more extrovert artist but he submits himself to the same exacting discipline of draughtsmanship and he has the same, very rare, imaginative openness or generosity towards the character of his sitter. It presents the work of an immensely talented Italian sculptor, Umberto Mastroianni, who makes Manzu and Greco look like fondant manufacturers. And it includes a fine cubist Metzinger, a hesitant but successful portrait of Elizabeth Frink by Robert Medley, two good Herman heads – heads rather than portraits – an austere early Pascin and a powerful but not very well composed canvas of the editor of this journal by Anthony Wilshaw.

John Berger

Rural Opera

England is a perpetual astonishment. As I write these words, opera is being given up and down the country; not indeed, as a Frenchman or a German might suppose, in Glasgow or Manchester or Hull, but in country houses, and down by the Suffolk sea. Mozart at Glyndebourne; Monteverdi and Poulenc at Aldeburgh; Blow and Bizet at Ingestre – and all these on the same night: here are some of the pleasant picnics with which individual enterprise supplements our regular London table d'hôte.

It would be neither helpful nor realistic to consider such entertainments purely on their musical merits; they are outings, 'opera plus'. Plus what? At Glyndebourne the answer is well known: Mr Christie's exquisite performances and resplendent gardens in a peaceful fold of the Sussex Downs make an irresistible combination. Aldeburgh has genius at the helm, a cleverly varied programme and a genial, unpretentious atmosphere. At Ingestre, Lord Shrewsbury has had to find a new and I suppose a predominantly Midlands public for his 'pocket Glyndebourne'. Given a run of luck with the weather, he might eventually be able to extend his season to some three or four weeks, for he has good, unusual music to offer, and much else; but, alas, the first night of his second season reminded us of that too familiar holiday experience, the drive over some famous Alpine pass in thick cloud. 'How wonderful it would be,' we kept exclaiming to one another, 'if only. . . .' On the second night when we had promised ourselves a full tour of the grounds and a visit to the handsome little Wren church, things were worse; in mackintoshes, under umbrellas, we sloshed down the Long Walk, peered at the splendid vistas of Capability Brown and imagined just how it 'would be' if hundreds of brightly coloured birds were flying free in the gardens and wallabies were bouncing through the paddock. In good weather the wise Ingestrian will allow himself an hour or two for such delights before the performance begins; between the two operas he receives, as part of his four guineas' worth, an imaginatively planned dinner served in a marquee with plenty of wine – including, of course, Château Talbot.

Inside the Great Hall, there was much to delight the ear and charm the eye. In the first place, Lord Shrewsbury and his advisers, of whom the chief is his Musical Director, John Pritchard, had chosen two double bills ideally suited to the conditions. One evening consisted of Blow's *Venus and Adonis* and Bizet's early and highly entertaining *Le Docteur Miracle* in David Harris's neat translation; the second of *Dido and Aeneas* followed by Falla's *Master Peter's Puppet Show*. For all four operas the production and designs were entrusted to Anthony Besch and Peter Rice respectively, both of whom were consistently successful in the ingenious and frequently beautiful use they made of a very limited stage area. Mr Pritchard and his players, a contingent from the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic, brought good style and much vivacity to the performances; but the chorus, though excellent in the echo effects of *Dido*, had some moments of dubious intonation, and the casting was not impeccable. Outstanding performances came from Heather Harper as Purcell's Belinda, and from the indispensable Anna Pollak as the Sorceress and as a heavy mamma in the Bizet piece. Thoroughly effective also, though all to some extent revealing a characteristically British tightness of vocal production, were David Couzyn as Adonis and Don Quixote, John Dobson as Aeneas, and Jacqueline Delman and Alexander Young in leading roles in the Falla and Bizet operas. Una Hale sounded uncomfortably exposed in the music of Venus; and so – greatly to our surprise – did Gerda Lammers as Dido. Covent Garden's now famous Elektra equalled all expectations (it would have been difficult to surpass them) with her dear English diction, her dignity and grace of movement, and her dramatic intensity. But, whatever the cause, on the first night she displayed a want of firmness in the vocal line which was surprising in a renowned interpreter of Bach. All the same, Purcell's opera made quite a thrilling effect on this intimate stage; and Falla's little masterpiece, which was designed for just such a settting and had the benefit of the delightful Hogarth Puppets, proved captivating; this is the real *spécialité de la maison*.

Aldeburgh's double bill offers the audience some bewildering and perhaps contradictory advice: women must yield to their lovers (Monteverdi's *Ballo delle Ingrate*) and we must all produce more children (Poulenc's *Tiresias*). The former would have made more effect with clearer verbal articulation, but Poulenc's *jeu d'esprit* came off brilliantly in a witty, anonymous English translation and in a two-piano reduction, crisply played by Benjamin Britten and Viola Tunnard. Oddly enough, this highbrow romp, with its meltingly pretty or comically pert music, seems more at home in the Jubilee Hall than at the Opéra Comique. Jennifer Vyvyan and Peter Pears showed themselves as accomplished farceurs, and the sight of a moustachioed Mr Pears in a frilly apron, crossly nursing *two* babies to a brisk tarantella is one not quickly to be forgotten.

Desmond Shawe-Taylor

Hunting the Bardot

Perhaps I hadn't been following the Bardot as I should. Two, three films had passed by unseen; other female forms had impinged; with a languid eye I had noted in the *Cahiers du Cinema* that 'the art of films is to do wonderful things to wonderful women' and that by means of Bardot we should emerge to a clearer understanding of the modern world. Then came the invitation to the Curzon where once again would prance this fluffy phenomenon – 'B. B. the Initial Sex Kitten'.

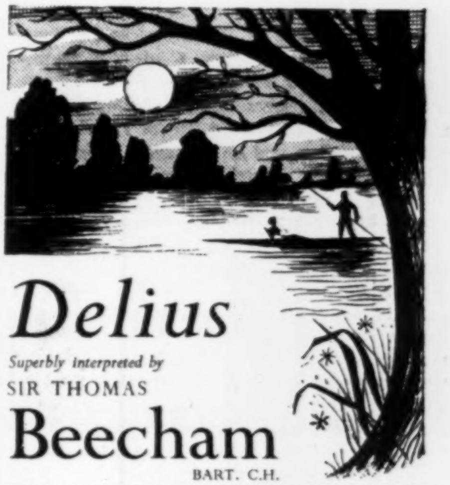
From the very beginning, when she descends from a train and leans against a car posing, the hunt is on. Of course it's very hot, somewhere in Spain, and soon most of her clothes are off: on, off, slipping, hitched, diaphanous, clinging – with a shower now and then to help, and the sun. There's a jolly little tussle on the bed with her Aunt, interrupted by Uncle who brushes this aside with a grim look that can mean only one thing. Tally-ho! Sure enough when our sex kitten goes walking in the sierra and leaves a gay ribbon on a bush while sprawling invitingly behind it, up comes Uncle on a fine chestnut, and soon he's hunting the Bardot. She streaks off and doubles back and makes good running for a tree, where she sits aloft while he stands in his stirrups and makes grabs at her, till a local priest driving by takes her home.

For already she has met her Hero, in the irresistible moment when his girl has just thrown herself into a well and been pulled up dead. It takes him a little time to get round to his real love: in fact, he has to sleep with Auntie and murder Uncle first. Then he is free to woo, to chase. The police are after him too, and this gives him added opportunity and glamour.

He takes his sex kitten to the mountains, swims her across desperate lakes into secret caves, snarls at her, coos at her, rips at her. Famous back shot. Unfamiliar front glimpse halfway down the right bosom. XXXX Certificate. All this with great precision, as indeed has been the sex-display throughout the film, like the steps and passes in bull-fighting. Then, to resume our tale, there's a good deal of frolic and a donkey and Arcadia on the run; but of course that can't last. No old hunter is going to be put off with mere having! So the police come up to shoot him but kill her; and there she is – B.B. the Initial Sex Kitten – dead in his arms and ours. What more could one expect or hope? At any rate from a dramatic strip-tease that takes itself, in these bad days of French films, a great deal more seriously than it should. Vadim and Viertel confected. It is called *Heaven Fell That Night!* and there's no reason why it shouldn't be.

Hot Spell (at the Gaumont) – despite some sultriness – is one of those better small-town films of family life deriving from the stage and here illuminated by Miss Shirley Booth. She is a middle-of-the-road wife whose children have grown up and whose husband tardily runs off: her own plump, naive, shattered spirits work wonders in a tragi-comedy that leans to melodrama. Hers is one of the real presences coming today out of Hollywood; and with her at the centre this scattering of a family makes neat, true drama. I think her eyes will remain with me longer than Bardot's navel.

William Whitebait



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"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Time, Gentlemen, Please!

It is a pity that, except for Iraq and Cyprus, the Middle East does not yet enjoy the blessing of television. It would be just the thing for curfew-time, which now keeps the inhabitants of one country after another indoors at night. In an hotel in Beirut I saw some of the guests, who had no permit to go out after 8 p.m., actually *reading*.

Having just spent a few weeks in that God-forsaken part of the world (that being, I suppose, the correct epithet for an area in which you cannot see TV), I returned eagerly to our happy land of eight million TV sets and free choice of channels – to find, for substantial parts of this and next week, no choice at all and a constant, chaotic retiming of programmes (on sound as well as TV). It is irritating enough to have to buy two 4d. programme-magazines each week (some day they must surely be merged): this week one might as well not have had either the *Radio Times* or the *TV Times*; both were useless.

This muddle has been caused by the determination of both the BBC and ITV to broadcast the World Cup football matches from Sweden. Instead of complete duplication, these might have been shared, each channel giving the matches for one week. The BBC would not do this because there are nine million viewers who cannot get ITV – 'and we must provide a complete service for all'. For *all*? For all except those – perhaps quite a substantial minority – who find too much football boring.

If these matches had been played in Britain, would the set programmes have been dislocated so ruthlessly? The TV people are great show-offs: they take a schoolboyish pride in the miracles of their craft, and still seem to think there's something special in televising an event direct from Sweden. . . . Yes, Eurovision *is* a wonderful technical achievement, but to most viewers it's as commonplace now as the horseless carriage or the wc. We don't expect a boastful rhapsody from the plumber every time he fixes a flush.

Several BBC programmes, including an important *Panorama* (on Cyprus, on the Labour Party's education policy, and on exorcism, which is perhaps needed in Cyprus), were late on Monday night for an even less creditable reason – because Victor Borge, the Danish-American comedian, coolly and flagrantly overran his already lavish allowance of time (55 minutes) by 19 minutes. I must admit that he did it with such smooth, authoritative cheekiness that the producer could hardly have switched him off, or the studio-manager stopped him; and that some of his act was extremely funny, particularly his system of 'phonetic punctuation' (expressing orally the typographical symbols), his brutal take-off of Liberace, and his cod-serious speech of thanks at the end ('I wish to thank my parents, for making it possible. . . . I wish to thank my children, for making it necessary'). But 74 minutes of any one-man comic act, mainly at a piano, is too much.

Sunday's most promising programme, ATV's *The People Ask Parliament*, had the opposite defect: it was far too short – only 14 minutes. It is really rather absurd to assemble three articulate MPs (Hinchingbrooke, Wedgwood Benn, Bonham Carter) and a brilliant interviewer (Robin Day), spend many thousands of pounds on advertising the series of which this was the first, give them a vitally significant subject ('Is the country losing interest in Parliament?'), and then limit them to three or four minutes each. Day's adept steering drew out several interesting points; but, their treatment was necessarily fragmentary and if this was a 'prestige programme', those concerned to establish ITV's prestige should realise that it will not be enhanced by perfunctoriness.

A few minutes later, the 'teenagers' religious programme, *The Sunday Break*, was allowed 45 minutes. It grows more *farouche* each week – not only dog-collars sandwiched among the jivers but even an anarchist, speaking quite freely. This week's dog-collar was an industrial missioner from Sheffield – as, by a coincidence, is Canon Ted Wickham, whom Richard Hoggart was interviewing simultaneously on the BBC channel. (As the programme ended, we heard the Canon say, 'Well, I wonder how the thing has gone'.) Then, on ITV's other religious programme Fr Geoffrey Beaumont introduced a swing-spiritual on the wedding in Cana of Galilee ('*Things were going mighty fine Till they drank up all the wine*') and a splendid Negro contralto, Isabelle Lucas, who sang *Just as I am* as a slow fox-trot.

All this was almost as lively as the 'new explosion of beat-music' called *Oh Boy!* which might as well be called *The Noise – and the People!*; for it crowds more bands and girls and vocal groups on to the stage than you'd think possible and is faster and more frantic than *Six-five Special*. I liked best the plump Bertice Reading, the Dallas Boys, the wonderfully dadaist Marty Wilde, and the restless Miss Cherry Wainer, who played an electronic – and, yes, *quilted* – organ.

Tom Driberg

Van Cliburn, at the Albert Hall

The young Texan pianist who recently carried off first prize in the international Tchaikovsky contest at Moscow seems quite unaffected by success. Last Sunday on his first London appearance, he played with complete confidence, but without braggadocio. In his two prize-winning concertos, Tchaikovsky No 1 and Rachmaninov No 3, his prodigious technique was matched by a remarkable delicacy and distinction of style. From massive fortissimo to extreme pianissimo his tone is always musical and under perfect control; his immense handspan enables him to play double octaves, not only with ease, but with refinements of phrasing and tonal gradation seldom attempted in such bravura passages; and in playful accompanying figuration his taste and musicianship were flawless. There was, moreover, an exceptionally close collaboration between him and the Russian conductor, Kyril Kondrashin, who drew glorious playing from the LPO.

D. S.-T.

'Ballets 1958 des Etoiles de Paris', at Sadler's Wells

There is nothing sloppy, or slack, or half-hearted about the eight members of this new ballet company. Here are dancers who obviously do not find it irksome or embarrassing to submit to the discipline of hard work; dancers with enough vitality to develop effective stage personalities out of their very slavery. Irène Skorik and Vassili Sullich are artists of a quality above the rest; but all have techniques that are polished, sometimes startling, besides the sharp, professional kind of attack that immediately draws our attention. Thus many weaknesses in the ballets are camouflaged, *Le Rideau Rouge* is a divertissement in front of a pretty red curtain, where the capable, uninteresting music and dances are whisked up to a froth by the performers and by André Levasseur's elegant costumes. *L'Echelle* is one of those sex-murder dramas, with violent lighting and a flavour of psychology. Being so excellently played, I liked a great part of it. The choreography by Dick Sanders has great mobility, besides being sensational; while there is none of that phoney sadism to which creators of this type of ballet are addicted. *Promethée* must be mentioned as a fascinatingly boring kind of comic strip in classical disguise. It deals with body-conscious Martians in masks and Cellophane and plastic pants.

A. F.

Correspondence

THE EXECUTION OF IMRE NAGY

Sir, – Your issue last week carried a letter from this society which gave details of the arrest in Algeria of two Paris lawyers who are now released.

We do not wish to overburden your columns with protests, but it may interest your readers, in view of the execution of Imre Nagy, to know the fate of requests for information about him made by this society over the past 18 months.

In December 1956 we requested information from the Hungarian Minister in London about the fate of Nagy and those arrested with him, and at the same time the question was taken up direct with the Hungarian Lawyers Association. After six months of persistent requests for information to the Lawyers Associations of Hungary, Rumania and the Soviet Union (being the three states concerned in the abduction of Nagy from the Yugoslav Embassy) we received the answer in each case that the question of Nagy was not a Hungarian, a Rumanian or a Soviet problem, as the case may be.

In November 1957, a member of our society personally questioned the Hungarian Minister of Justice on the matter, and he said: 'The situation created by the counter-revolution in Hungary has involved the necessity of ensuring the safety of Imre Nagy as much in his own personal interest [sic] as in the general interest. The competent authorities are at present examining the anti-constitutional and illegal activities of Imre Nagy. In the process of this examination, the principles of justice and legality are being fully observed. They will be equally fully observed if Imre Nagy is committed for trial'.

In January 1958 we asked the Hungarian Lawyers Association what steps they had taken to secure Nagy's liberation or fair and public trial, what protest had been made by them at his long detention without trial, under what law he was being detained, and what legal justification there was for his removal from Hungary. A reply three months later answered none of these queries, and said that 'the Hungarian Lawyers Association has no knowledge and is not in a position to have any knowledge of the present stand of the investigations conducted against Imre Nagy', but went on to express the view that 'our administrative organs proceed now in every case with a rigid observance of the requirements set by the spirit and practice of legality'.

A complaint that this letter said nothing material was met a few weeks ago by a reiteration of the lack of knowledge of the Hungarian Lawyers Association and a repetition of the statement made by the Minister of Justice, Nezval, in the previous November, which I have already quoted.

Now comes an execution after an unannounced secret trial with no appeal and the immediate carrying out of the death sentence.

That Imre Nagy died, whereas Gisele Halemi and Pierre Braun are now back in Paris, is not altogether unconnected with the contrast between the attitude of the Hungarian Lawyers Association as illustrated above, and that of the Paris Bar and its doyen, who unhesitatingly took up the cause of persons unlawfully arrested and detained.

Stuart Shields
Chairman

Haldane Society
2 Paper Buildings
EC4

DE GAULLE'S POLITICS

Sir, – You write: 'No sensible person believes that de Gaulle himself is a Fascist-minded man'. I suggest that, while one might prefer a less emotive phrase, 'Fascist-minded' is an accurate description of the man.

It is frequently overlooked these days that less than ten years ago he had his own political party (only officially it was not a 'party') and it was similar in organisation, methods and objectives to the Fascist movements in other countries, right down to the street thugs who used to wander round the Left Bank beating-up students and sellers of Left-wing newspapers. I cannot recall de Gaulle ever trying to restrain them. He abandoned the movement only after the voters turned from it.

He has now assumed power as the nominee of a military group in revolt against democracy. The elected parliament has been sent on four months' holiday and before it reassembles there is to be a referendum on a new constitution. The public will, no doubt, be presented once again with a choice between de Gaulle and the possibility of civil war.

The final details of the constitutional reform are not yet known but the most reliable reports suggest that it will remove most of the powers of the National Assembly, which will meet infrequently. It will not be able to initiate legislation and will be largely prevented from removing an unpopular government. Ministers will be kept above this parliamentary game; they will be forbidden to be deputies.

The upper house will be the real parliament and, as the *Daily Telegraph* has put it, it will have 'the "corporative" character beloved of most authoritarian régimes'. Its representatives will not be elected but will be chosen by such organisations as chambers of commerce, municipal authorities and tame trade unions. The real power will be the President – presumably de Gaulle himself as soon as Coty can be persuaded to resign – so that even if the Assembly overcomes all the hurdles that are to be put in its path and removes a government, it will still be left with Charles the Great, as *Le Canard Enchaîné* calls de Gaulle.

The present government showed de Gaulle on his most beguiling behaviour, as he had to get it through the Assembly Even so, every key Ministry is held by either a civil servant or a de Gaullist or de Gaulle himself, except the Ministry of Finance where M. Pinay has been installed to satisfy businessmen that the government is on their side. The Ministers of State are just window-dressing; they have as much or as little power as de Gaulle finds it convenient to give them.

De Gaulle's ambiguous statements have not once contained the word 'democracy'. Instead, he has proudly listed the progress made by France since the war in many fields – and blamed the 'party régime' for the fact that there has not been more success.

So the 'party régime', which is his phrase for democracy, is to be ended, if he has his way, and France will become a 'corporate state'. All this is being coolly discussed at a time when de Gaulle is under no real pressure from a Left-wing opposition, when he is able merely to follow his own whims.

I submit that what we know of his intentions now, and everything about his past, justify the argument that the man is a natural autocrat, with contempt and impatience for democracy and a firm belief in authoritarianism; in a phrase, that he is 'Fascist-minded'.

DAVID ROSS

55 Ruskin Park House
Champion Hill, SE5

[Critic refers to this letter in the London Diary.]

DOUBLE A NUMBER

SIR, – I have read Sir Solly Zuckerman's analysis on the training of scientists and engineers, but he appears to have overlooked the most important aspect. Industry may need the numbers of scientists, but will it employ them?

At the moment, judging by industry's comments, it is not prepared to pay the cost of employing them. Industry will readily use them if someone else pays for them, but it is not prepared to bear the cost itself. In 1955/56, for example, industry spent some £185 million on research and development, but only directly contributed £65 million, the remainder coming from government contracts. On the manpower side, some two-thirds of the 23,800 qualified scientists and engineers, with 82,100 assistants employed in private industry, were engaged directly or indirectly on defence projects.

With the curtailment of defence expenditure to industry, some 4,000 scientists and engineers and 14,000 assistants will need to look for other jobs, while in Defence Departments some 800 scientists and engineers and 4,000 assistants will probably suffer the same fate. Thus nearly 5,000 highly qualified people and 18,000 research assistants will be available to industry. But does it want them? Not if it has to pay for them. Industry has no desire to increase its expenditure by 50 per cent.

Thus at a time when we need to step up the number of trained scientists and engineers, industry is not prepared to increase its research expenditure. It would be foolish to suppose that the government's White Paper on 'Technical and Technological Education' was not introduced after the consideration and blessing of the British Employers' Confederation. Why then are we so wilfully misled by the government and industry? Do we have to re-assess our scientific manpower requirements in relation to how little industry will be prepared to spend, instead of what industry needs, or does industry intend to blackmail the country into paying for its research?

Either way, it holds out little future prospect for the potential scientist or engineer, and even less for the re-emergence of Britain as a leading industrial nation.

HARRY G. KNIGHT
General Secretary

Association of Supervisory Staffs
Executives & Technicians
2-4 Homerton High Street
E9

TENDENCY TO CORRUPT

SIR, – I have a grievance. Recently the Customs impounded a book by de Sade which I had ordered from a French bookseller. Today I found it difficult to pass a cinema where two French films were shown – emphasis was laid on their Frenchness. One was dubbed 'high pressure passion', the other 'the Xiest of films'. A still showed a couple of lovers lying in blissful exhaustion after, one imagines, what one is compelled in this country to refer to as 'the act'. It was difficult to pass the cinema because a knot of teenagers were gloating over the stills, giving their own accounts of what had probably happened and enlivening the whole performance with realistic gestures.

Now I don't begrudge the teenagers their excitements. I've experienced them myself and didn't succeed in growing up until I had. But apart from being pushed off the pavement, which did me no real harm anyway, I was forcibly reminded of my de Sade. I have been robbed of this book because of its tendency to corrupt! The policeman or magistrate who thinks that I can be corrupted by de Sade is a fathead. I can even give a respectable literary reason for requiring the book, although why I need it is nobody's business. But why do the puritans, frustrated smuthounds and moralists keep quiet about the film posters and the stills? Using their own terms and deplorable code, why don't they do something about the undisputed 'tendency to corrupt' of the posters and stills? Why do they steal my de Sade and not tear down the posters and burn the stills? Why is righteous indignation so selective?

Please forgive this explosion, but perhaps someone in authority would explain the situation. And I do hope no one imagines that I want to spoil the teenagers' fun. But I am not nearly generous spirited enough to smile at their enjoyments when I am deprived of my own.

JOHN ATKINS

Birch Green
Colchester

CHILDREN AND GOD

SIR, – Some very interesting and important points have been made by various contributors to this correspondence during recent weeks. I have been very pleased to note that there is this healthy tendency to make legitimate criticisms of instruction which, under the guise of inculcating high ethical standards, appear to tend towards the acceptance by children of superstitious ideas which later operate within them to the detriment of their mental health.

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I have spent many years in residential social work both with groups of insecure children from broken families and in residential schools with maladjusted children of high intelligence. For more than five years I did considerable research work into mechanisms of problem behaviour and their therapy and wrote a thesis on this subject. At the time when I wrote the essay I was working for a well-known voluntary charitable organisation and had to resign when my views became known to the administrative officials. The essay was approved by two well-known psychiatrists.

Children, whatever their early training may or may not have been, are primitive thinkers and naturally tend to build up their own archetypal systems of ideas with much of their emotional security and patterns of behaviour are closely linked. They are naturally critical of teachings which do not fit in with scientific facts, particularly as they approach adolescence. To live *'in loco parentis'* with a group of such children, who receive religious instruction either at an outside school or within the residential school itself, carries with it a very considerable moral responsibility, as the children ask the most critical and penetrating questions. I have found that anything in the nature of evasive replies or any explanation which could be interpreted by the child in a superstitious way merely leads to confusion and more involved problems. It most certainly does not help either the child's adjustment to society or its own ethical standards.

Both by study and by an experience of over 30 years of work for children, normal and maladjusted, and in many social settings throughout Britain, I have gradually come to the considered view that the literal interpretation and literal teaching of allegories, all too often confused with historical matter, is much against the interests of children who will sooner or later have to sort out tangled international problems in ways that will meet both their archetypal ideals and the hard tests of practice in an atomic age.

It seems to me there is great and urgent need for an early and really basic revaluation of many doctrines at present taught to children as religious instruction in schools and in other places with a view to formulating and teaching a code of ethical behaviour and personal disciplines which will not conflict with the findings of depth psychology and psychiatric work. Surely this is a matter of paramount importance in view of the acute tensions of our time.

To take the initiative in this difficult issue, avoiding all fanatical and extremist attitudes, seems to me to be one of the problems that those who have the welfare of the human race truly at heart can no longer leave in abeyance. It must be faced unflinchingly and in no uncertain manner at an early date.

LESLIE NIXON CLARKE

Cornwall House
Gatton Place
Reigate

Good show Charlotte!

" Charlotte, having seen his body,
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter."

THUS THACKERAY, unkindly summing up Goethe's "The Sorrows of Werther." Shocking flippancy. Bread is a serious subject. Foundation of our British thingummy. Feller that jokes about it is a bounder.

Look at all the weighty pronouncements there have been about bread. According to a recent report*, in the average diet, bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more nicotinic acid, more iron and more Vitamin B_1, than any other single food. It is, say the pundits, tremendously nourishing. Meaning it's good for you.

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**National Food Survey Committee Report, 1955 (Page 132) published by H.M.S.O.*
In 1955, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 26.5% of the energy; 27.8% of the protein; 25.5% of the nicotinic acid; 23.4% of the iron; 28.7% of the Vitamin B_1.

Note: All flour contains—per 100 grams of flour: Nicotinic Acid—*not less than 1.60 milligrams.* Iron—*not less than 1.65 milligrams.* Vitamin B_1 —*not less than 0.24 milligrams.*

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21 ARLINGTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

SIR,–A year or so ago I witnessed an incident in a London public park which bears on the idea of 'all good things belonging to God'–mentioned by Mr Lockhart last week.

A ten-year-old boy was being thumped by his mother for having picked a daffodil from a flower bed.

''Ow many times I got to tell yer them flahrs belongs to Jesus!' she shouted.

'They don't,' replied the boy. 'They belong to the Lunnon Cahnty Cahncl.'

This was obviously too much for the mother. She ceased her beating, and turning to her companion, said 'The things they learn 'em in school these days!'

GADFAN MORRIS

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SEX IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,–The outstanding problem when dealing with sex at public schools is the mentality of those whom some of your correspondents would have instructed in sexual matters by masters during, or out of, school hours. A boy regards a 'sex talk' as a humorous experience to be laughed at and boasted of in the same way that he would treat an indecent picture. Both are new experiences, aided by Victorian stupidity, and no boy can talk seriously about sex without one of his companions laughing or thinking him a sex maniac. Thus, the boy enters the room in which his 'sex talk' is to be given in a forcedly light-hearted frame of mind. He thinks of sex and the lavatory together and is afraid to break away from the old tradition.

It is therefore obvious that teaching should begin, at the latest, when a boy reaches a public school or, far better, while the mysteries of sex are stretching themselves in his mind at his prep school. Then, the dirty little secret will not be able to grow, unopposed, as it is at the moment. Those who begin to chuckle smuttily when a boy emerges from his 'sex talk' will then find that they have been outdated and, like the turnpike-roads, will be overcome and smothered by a healthy new tarmac.

'CANDIDE'

COMMUNISTS AND THE BOMB

SIR,—There seem from your correspondence columns to be some misconceptions about Communist policy on the H-bomb. It may be helpful to endeavour to clear up some of these misconceptions, since the greatest possible unity of all opponents of nuclear warfare is obviously desirable.

The Communist Party is the only political party which from the beginning publicly opposed Britain's manufacturing the H-bomb–long before the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament came into existence. It has consistently maintained this viewpoint.

The Communist Party has from the outset campaigned for the banning of all nuclear weapons, at a time when some of the present prominent supporters of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, who have now fortunately awoken to the urgency of the issue, were still passively supporting them or even advocating their use in a third world war.

Why, then, does the present difficulty come about?

Canon Collins has put us all in his debt by reminding us of the current revised official formulation of the aims of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, which adds to the aims of the suspension of tests and an international agreement to ban nuclear weapons the demand that Britain 'renounce unconditionally the use and production of nuclear weapons by herself or in her own defence'. These aims have the support of many sections of opinion, pacifist and non-pacifist, Communist and non-Communist.

But Canon Collins then adds an unofficial corollary of his own, which does not occur in the definition of aims, and which appears to serve no purpose save to endeavour to create a needless issue of division between Communist and non-Communist opponents of nuclear warfare. He alleges that support of these aims by Communists 'would mean for them a preparedness to press for Russian unilateral nuclear disarmament'. The logic of this argument, which has no place in the aims of the Campaign, appears highly questionable.

The present military position is that a Soviet H-bomb confronts an Anglo-American H-bomb. Britain is linked with the United States in a close military alliance, provides nuclear bombing bases for the United States, and is a member of Nato, whose official strategy is for nuclear war. Thus it is not a British H-bomb in isolation, but an Anglo-American H-bomb which the Soviet strategists are compelled to take into account. The British contribution to the Anglo-American H-bomb is perhaps of the order of 5 per cent.

If Britain and the United States were both unilaterally to abandon nuclear weapons, then it is obvious that it would be correct and reasonable to demand that the Soviet Union should at once do the same. But there would be no need of such a 'demand'; for the Soviet leaders have abundantly made clear their desire to abandon all nuclear weapons as soon as Britain and the United States are prepared to do the same. They have already unilaterally suspended tests.

But to propose that 5 per cent. of the Anglo-American H-bomb should be renounced, maintaining 95 per cent. against the Soviet Union, and then to demand that on the strength of this the Soviet Union should renounce 100 per cent. will hardly commend itself as a reasonable proposal to any fair-minded person.

Does this mean that Britain cannot 'set an example' or give leadership for ending the nuclear menace in the present international situation? On the contrary. The Communist Party believes that Britain can play a decisive and leading rôle. At present the Soviet Union has every year proposed the banning of all nuclear weapons, and Britain and the United States, followed by the other countries, have always voted against. If the pressure of public opinion here, including the admirable campaigning energy of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, could compel a change of Britain's policy in this respect, so that the British government would join with the Soviet Union in demanding the ban on all nuclear weapons, there is no doubt that the overwhelming majority of countries in Europe and Asia would gladly respond to such a lead. The nuclear strategists in the United States would be isolated, with the most favourable conditions for public opinion there also to enforce a similar demand, and thus the way would be opened for banishing the menace of nuclear war from the world.

The Communist Party, while advocating such a comprehensive programme for peace and for Britain's independent initiative for peace, supports also all limited demands of partial movements, such as of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, or the even more limited, but more widely supported, demands of the Labour Party in this sphere as steps along the road. We believe that, whatever the secondary tactical differences and necessary discussions, the greatest possible unity is desirable of all opponents of nuclear war against the main enemy, the advocates of nuclear strategy. Does not Canon Collins agree?

R. PALME DUTT

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Be Yourself

Mr Armin Arnold, a zealous bibliographer, records that 71 books have already been written about Lawrence – an average of two and a half for each year since his death; while the essays devoted to him run to several hundreds, and stacks of unpublished graduate theses are mounting high in the university libraries of the world. Now and then one finds an opportunity for genial speculation (What is 'D. H. Lawrence and the Intrusive Knock' about? Where is Drew University?), but the whole business is really very horrible. Hard work, they say, never hurt anyone. It is hurting Lawrence all right. Mr Arnold's blind industry[*] cannot achieve the most elementary discriminations; nor is intelligent reading of Lawrence likely to be advanced by the following discussion: 'Graham Hough's *The Dark Sun* . . . is one of the best critical books on Lawrence I have read. While Leavis's *D. H. Lawrence, Novelist* is concerned mainly with the novels,' – now there's a revelation – 'Hough's book has chapters on the tales, the poems, and the doctrine'. It's a case of books about books about books, at the lowest possible level. Mr Arnold even manages to spoil the taste of a goodish book with the fatuity of his praise: 'Dealing with the personality of Lawrence is a new book which is in every way excellent: Sir Richard Rees's *Brave Men*. . .'.

Just listen to the voice of Research: 'In his first masterpiece, *Sons and Lovers,* however, the word "America" appears only in such combinations as "American oil-cloth" and "American leather"'. Education is disgraced by this kind of thing. And if you wonder why hard things are said about the academic mind, look at this for a summing up: 'The quarrel about his literary status seems finally to have come to an end: Evidence of his stature as a classic is given by the excellent work done by the latest biographers. Edward Nehls's three volume biography, published by the University of Wisconsin, assembles an immense amount of biographical data'. I care less that scholarship should be travestied in books like Mr Arnold's than that literature, newly become decent, should be smothered by parasitic commentary. The cowed mentality that accepts the assembling of biographical data as evidence of a writer's stature makes for docile and sycophantic criticism, and for the multiplying of books on respectable subjects.

It is wryly comical that Lawrence should be the occasion of my two-minute sermonising because he hated almost everything that Lawrence studies now stand for. He thought of consciously acquisitive knowledge as life's worst enemy: 'To know a living thing is to kill it'; and the investigations which Mr Arnold treats so respectfully (Professor Harry T. Moore's *Poste Restante,* for example, 'follows Lawrence's footsteps from 1885 to 1930 day by day') he would have called snooping, impudent and a bit obscene. Of course Lawrence didn't like it when people went on refusing to publish his stuff; but he would scarcely be better pleased to see this army of academic navvies with their pick-axes stuck into him and his work.

Even if the Lawrence literature were better than it is, there would still be too much of it. Peripheral subjects, like Lawrence on religion or on politics or on science, are barely worth pursuing: they either lead nowhere, or else they lead away from the good books and towards *The Plumed Serpent*. But when you turn to Lawrence's sane and central work, you soon see why the researchers spend so much time cultivating the margins. In the centre there is nothing to see, or write about, except Lawrence confronting existence with a sharp tenderness of apprehension entirely peculiar to himself. There is very little 'thought' to be extracted – very little that is systematic or progressive. There is simply the Laurentian vision of life, genuinely distinct from the knowing which he hated, fierce and reverent at once, as in the *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* poems, and the novels, and the travel books and the letters.

You do find a sort of progress, lonely and heroic progress, in the projection of this vision through his writing towards an end no less ambitious than the regeneration of modern man. Of course he didn't succeed; success, outside art, would have been unimaginable as well as impossible – which isn't to deny that Lawrence has done the world a lot of good. The point is that the attempt itself cost him recognition in his lifetime, and was the cause of scandal. Gutter-excitement about sex in his books was the main hostility, widespread and also more upward-spread than one likes to think; but there was also the sober fear that Lawrence was a super-Faust setting out to teach people how to be God. Lawrence never said 'Be God'; he had his own way of saying 'Be a bit of God', which is very different. His people find and save themselves in the experience of being 'grains in the tremendous heave' – heave of life, or of God.

Gradually, Lawrence's version of 'Be a bit of God' evolves into a more subtle 'Be yourself'. How to realise oneself as an alive human being becomes the foreground problem, stated again and again in the form of a near-paradox: one must achieve solitude in order to achieve relations with other people. A poetic sense of communion between singulars is the genius of his books: 'I stand for the touch of bodily awareness between human beings'; and this touch is the unique Laurentian vision turned towards personal relations, a contact in which freedom, dignity and an honouring of difference on both sides is maintained – anti-romantic in that Lawrence wanted it to supersede the clammy privacy and stuck-togetherness of the modern love-ideal.

Standing for the touch of bodily awareness, Lawrence made it bear a great – in fact an intolerable – weight in his books. It extends, of course, far beyond relations which are ordinarily called sexual and sometimes takes on a transcendent colouring ('spiritual' is an inadequate word here, because Lawrence is Lawrence), as when the Ursula-Birkin relationship is urged beyond 'the emotional, loving plane . . . where there is no speech and no terms of agreement. There we are two stark, unknown beings, two utterly strange creatures. . . . And there could be no obligation, because there is no standard of action there, because no understanding has been reaped from that plane'.

Novels are not written from that plane, either; the most that can be done is to tilt the action skywards; and even so it is an ambitious procedure, full of dangers. When Lawrence writes one of his bad physical-contact scenes – the wrestling match between Gerald and Birkin in *Women in Love* is a good example: two naked men in the library, after the butler has carried in refreshments: '"Well, then," said Gerald, "shall we strip and begin? Will you have a drink first?"' – his judgment and sense of humour fail to save him because his head is stuffed with transcendent implications.

Mr Mark Spilka's book[†] gives a perceptive account of this touch or salutation, although, as the term 'love ethic' forebodes, it is sometimes ponderous and jargon-cluttered. Mr Spilka squeezes down beside Lawrence in the space where there is really only room for one – and that one the creative writer – and achieves an intelligent understanding of Lawrence's attitudes. This kind of appraisal has its dangers, as when it wanders away from the text and mistakes a promise for a performance. Mr Spilka's overrating of *Lady Chatterley* is an example. But his book is about something important, which is true of only a few of the books to do with Lawrence. It is also ably executed, which is true of even fewer.

John Jones

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[*] *D. H. Lawrence and America.* By Armin Arnold. *Linden Press. 21s.*

[†] *The Love Ethic of D. H. Lawrence.* By Mark Spilka. *Dobson. 21s.*

Song for a Birth or a Death

Last night I heard the savage world
And heard the blood beat up the stair;
The fox's bark, the owl's shrewd pounce,
The crying creatures – all were there,
And men in bed with love and fear.

The slit moon only emphasised
How blood must flow and teeth must grip.
What does the calm light understand,
The light which draws the tide and ship
And drags the owl upon its prey
And human creatures lip to lip?

Last night I watched how pleasure must
Leap from disaster with its will:
The fox's fear, the watch-dog's lust
Know that all matings mean a kill;
And human creatures kissed in trust
Feel the blood throb to death until

The seed is struck, the pleasure's done,
The birds are thronging in the air;
The moon gives way to widespread sun.
Yes but the pain still crouches where
The young fox and the child are trapped
And cries of love are cries of fear.

Elizabeth Jennings

The English Narcissus

The Confessions of a European in England. By J. H. Huizinga. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

Now Britain is no longer a great imperial power we may hope for an end to that parlour-game called defining the English character. Up the ladders and down the snakes one went; it never ended, for English Narcissism is inexhaustible. In this book Mr Huizinga quotes Shaw's jibe when he was asked what the English thought about: 'The English,' Shaw answered. That was all right in 1890, but it is a bad thing for a nation when it has only got its character left. Our uniqueness, like the uniqueness of any other country, was interesting only when we were supreme and could override or puzzle other people. Let the Americans or the Russians now pick up the mirror and sicken with fascination. And this, one gathers from Mr Huizinga's engaging book, is what is bound to occur. It certainly happened to the Spaniards, our sad predecessors in empire-building. As a young and clever Dutch journalist, Mr Huizinga fell deeply in love with the English, but now, after many years, the affair has broken up and has drifted into the doldrums of a distant and ironical acquaintance. The Coronation disturbed him, Cyprus horrified him, Suez shocked him totally. When we drifted away from European federation he had done with us. For old times' sake he pretends to a small hope that we may come round to it.

Mr Huizinga is aware of the irony of his situation as a one-time imitation Englishman. He knows, for example, that when one sets out to theorise about a foreign country, one always does so on out-of-date information. The French still generalise about mid-Victorian prudery; the Russians are stuck in Dickens; the Americans have caught up with Kipling's England. Mr Huizinga was brought up on the slyly exported legend of English philistinism; and he had the general preoccupation with the speechless figure of the English gentleman whose public persona resembled a family vault and whose private behaviour was often witty, frivolous and spirited. He moved on to Belloc's opinion—and George Orwell confirmed it—that patriotism was the English religion. (The Coronation and other Royal occasions have shown how natural and easy it was for the English to dispense with Popery.)

He examined the indecent question of English self-love, discriminating between our collective, conceit and our charming, private self-deprecation; and he came to the conclusion that Sir Harold Nicolson was right when he described our notorious hypocrisy as springing 'not from any intention to deceive others but from an ardent desire to comfort ourselves'. Mr Huizinga has gone to many sharp continental players of the character game for help, notably the excellent and not over-infatuated Pierre Milhaud. A line or two by Odette Keun hits off our frantic belief in the surface of life: 'Besides urbanity and good temper, what contributes to render the atmosphere of England pacifying in the extreme is the absence of the sense of tragedy'. There are things, too, on our love of punishment; but there is next to nothing about our brutality and power of inhibition. The progress of Mr Huizinga's affair becomes warmer and warmer. The blushes deepen.

And then we come to the quarrel. We had the chance, after the war, of going all out for European union, pretended to support it and then, when we could have led, we backed away. We were caught in the imperial hangover. 'The gentlemen' who governed us had not faced the fact of the loss of power. They had not realised that the Commonwealth was 'a constitutional fiction'; and vulgar England of the ruled had not even reached the stage of hangover. They were lagging behind in full intoxication. The consequences were still to come: Cyprus and Suez. Until then it had been supposed that gentlemen told the truth and put country before party. Suez displayed the corruption of a dominant force in our national character—though surely Munich had shown that long before. The gentlemen had desired too ardently to comfort themselves, when their injured imperial pride might have been repaired and invigorated by the revolutionary acceptance of European federation.

I am persuaded by Mr Huizinga's view. Not to be closely bound with Europe seems to me to be madness. I would be glad to see our imperial and soldier ex-administrators safely tucked away in the offices of European federation where their excellence as public servants would be valuable; instead of having them imposed, as they now are beginning to be, on English cultural institutions. But I am no politician and I think Mr Huizinga's stimulating theorising about our character leaves out what our character makes us do outside the political world. He does not note that we are not gentlemen; that we live by action, trade, making money, industrial invention and manufacture. He is astonished that when he asked Englishmen whether they would sooner be exiled on the Continent or in the Commonwealth, they always plumped for the latter. Of course they did. What would they earn or make on the crowded Continent? People do not emigrate to enjoy the *douceur de vivre*. If the Commonwealth is a political fiction, it is no fiction where money, work and language and its institutions are concerned; and vulgar, ungentlemanly England, with no aristocratic desire to be part of the tourist trade, puts those things first.

V. S. Pritchett

Breaking Out

The Springs of Adventure. By Wilfrid Noyce. *Murray.* 18*s.*

Mr Wilfrid Noyce, an explorer and mountaineer of distinction, and now a schoolmaster at Charterhouse, has set himself to examine the reasons why anyone should wish to explore or mountaineer. He uses the former word in a physically wide sense, for the characters he surveys include test pilots, divers, and speleologists.

The book, then, is an attempt at analysis of human motive; it sets out to explain why human beings behave, in this direction, as they have and do, and to his aid Mr Noyce summons a roll-call of great names who soliloquise or conjecture from their own experience. He draws a little on his own, too, but, considering what he has done, with extreme modesty. The very ambition of the subject-matter makes the book too easy a target for impatient or hasty criticism, but its chief fault seems to be that though Mr Noyce digs wide he does not dig very deep. He stands as an intelligent spectator might have done sixty years ago, antedating Freud and Jung and Adler and McDougall, unaware of their triumphs or their blunders. On the level at which he writes, not probing below a stratum at which motives are conscious, he has brought together a very readable bulk of material that may serve some deeper-dissecting scalpel in the future, and he has also assembled twenty-one magnificent photographs.

Again and again he appears to look truth in the eye, but again and again his next sentence suggests that it is with the abstracted and unfocused eye of brown study. In short, he does not seem to consider how often a physical course of action is substituted for a mental one; how often a man in a state of mental confusion will reorder his physical possessions, books, or furniture, as a 'displacement' from impossible tasks of mental rearrangement; how often (and how desirably) a mountain or a Pole may do duty for a human personality or situation that must be overcome. How often, in fact, the (comparatively) safe process of geographical exploration and hanging dizzily from rock or ice-ledges may be subconsciously chosen as the alternative to even more precarious hand-holds where 'the mind has cliffs of fall, sheer, frightful'.

Mr Noyce has the key – he displays it on page 4 of his book – but if he recognises it he does not seem to use it. 'But I had to admit that intellectual adventure could be equally, if not more, arduous.

> Those Himalayas of the mind
> Are not so easily possessed:
> There's more than precipice and storm
> Between you and your Everest,

as Day Lewis has it. Therefore, logically, I ought to include them. But I am sorry, there just is not room.' But it is not so much the lack of room as the apparent failure to understand the equation that makes the book disappointing to this reader. The list of chapter titles is promising: The hair shirt, Contrast and the cult of danger, The anatomy of pleasure, Escape simple, Escape become lodestone, Fame and money, Conquest and competition, The scientific man, The machine-loving man, The curious traveller, The doers of good – but each subject is treated too superficially for the inquiring reader.

Clearly there can be no single precise psychological formula to embrace all those who explore, climb, or otherwise adventure and dare. But there is a common denominator to which Mr Noyce does not seem to give enough thought – an initial failure to adjust to the individual's prescribed social ecology which, for many possible reasons, makes him break out from it. (Considering what it often is, this is to compliment rather than to derogate.) Mr Noyce, I feel, skates over this truth; Cyril Connolly crashes right through it with his Eton masters 'spawning round some mouldy *arête*, in their Norfolk jackets, like eels in the Sargasso Sea'.

The total effect – though Mr Noyce shows himself at home with an international list of poets as bumpy as his own Himalayas – seems just a little naive. I may have misread this book – but can one set out to explore human motive without one reference to any of this century's explorers of the human mind? (I exclude Gide; his preface to Saint-Exupéry is quoted at some length). And how can one conjecture first causes without access to detail that is, in the majority of cases, no longer available? (From a recent and very thorough biography of Shackleton one could learn – but only by careful perusal – that he was the only son among five sisters, and that he had the tiniest hands that one who remembered him had ever seen. The authors did not suggest that these factors might have had any influence upon the character of the man.) In the case of Mr Noyce's book Lincoln Ellsworth, 'not only weak as a boy but timid, and known as "Fraidy" by his small sister four years younger than himself' deserves, surely, some more penetrating and Adlerian comment than 'one of a brief selection of men and women physically frail in youth but stimulated to health by the very idea of their adventure'. Mr Noyce himself speaks the master words: 'Generally restlessness is a symptom of deep uncertainty about oneself and one's purpose'; but he is speaking of restlessness while *on* an expedition, not of the restlessness that gives rise to it.

GAVIN MAXWELL

Value for Money

Dartington Hall. By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER and W. B. CURRY. *Phoenix House*. 30*s*.

If you were immensely rich and wanted to do as much good as possible, how would you set about it? When in 1925 Leonard and Dorothy Elmhirst bought the Dartington Hall estate they proposed to put the land in good heart, to develop rural industries and to provide a good life economically, socially and culturally for all who worked with them. They were, of course, taking over the squirearchy in a big way; but they differed from other squires in their determination to find new and better ways of doing things. They were progressive. Dartington was to be the education of all rural England. Education in its formal sense was just one of many things they hoped would be better managed in that rich, moist, green and sleepy fold of the river Dart. So experts were called in by the dozen and half a million pounds was spent on buildings alone.

The number of major activities undertaken in research, education, the arts, agriculture, industry and commerce, runs to about sixty, of which eleven are still flourishing. Mr Bonham-Carter has spent three years in writing a full, unpublished and partly unpublishable history of Dartington. The book under review is a personal evaluation. Cleverly packed, and continuously energetic, it is in itself absolutely fascinating even where it has no space to do more than hint at the other books that ought to be written. The satirical is one of them. Of course, Dartington was a joke to the Devon gentry, who found it bolshy, long-haired, nudist and immoral. It was also true that some very odd people got in there, 'the lunatic fringe that smells out money' and the fanatics who can make an unworkable plan worth trying: for example, the man who believed that the industrial revolution should have stopped at the spinning jenny—but he founded the one rural industry that still pays its way. And it's true that the Elmhirsts in their belief in *laissez-faire* for independent experts have allowed their estate to become a sad architectural and geographical muddle. The only part of it that remains beautifully in the right place is the group of buildings and gardens round their own house. For the rest, too much was done too fast by too many people.

Since 1929 Dartington has been divided into the Company which controls those activities, whose value can only be proved by economic success, and the Trust which governs education, the arts and research. Both sides have, in fact, produced a great many values for money. The Woodlands Department has become exactly what was intended, an education to all foresters. The farms are now merely in line with contemporary sound practice, but the pioneering of milking parlours, clean milk and artificial insemination was immensely important; so also is the International Conference of Agricultural Economists which originated at Dartington. Agricultural research, now taken over by the state, discovered the cure of 'pine' in sheep and conducted the first soil analysis of England and Wales. Staverton Builders broke away from Dartington to become the largest contractors in Devon. There must be a story here, but Mr Bonham-Carter does not tell it. Horticulture, fruit, poultry, saw-mill, furniture and cider failed, though nearly all their products were excellent: an analysis of the causes of their failure is available to anyone who thinks of starting a rural industry. In the arts, after the rescue of the skills and sanity of very many refugee musicians and dancers, the most consistent and delightful success has been to create in the desert of the deep South-West an oasis of music, acting, exhibitions and discussion. Finally, the Elmhirsts have been the perfect squires, supplying the possibilities of a good life in the country to many different sorts of people and inspiring them to enjoy being part of a concern that is larger than themselves.

And what of 'That School'—so notorious at one time that some other members of the estate claimed they could not sell their goods, tarnished by the very name? Bill Curry, who was its headmaster for 25 years, writes a rather exhausted but moving account of his principles and practice. Starting from the concept of 'reverence for the child', he believes that adolescents should legislate for themselves with the help of adult wisdom which they will spontaneously seek. Punishment and coercion are out; persuasion gets in as the disclosure of alternatives. Co-education means living together as closely as the members of an ordinary family. If a boy and a girl fall in love they will be serious enough to live by the implications of biology and economics. Lessons will be learnt partly because the economic alternative is disclosed, more because children want to reach full human stature. The arts will be practised for the same reason.

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DEEP WATER

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PUTNAM

There is not enough evidence for a firm judgment. We know that the school has been friendly, tolerant, happy and in the main hard-working, but we don't know if the children have become happier adults than the rest of the middle class. We don't even know if they have been economically successful enough to send *their* children to Dartington. Two things seem clear: that letting children find out for themselves has proved too expensive in time and money to be widely copied. And that if, as I believe, sensitive children are now a good deal happier at school, it is partly because something of Curry's principle of reverence, which can, of course, be found in the Gospels but often isn't, has spread outwards from Dartington.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Arms and Men

The Arms Race. By PHILIP NOEL-BAKER. *Stevens.* 25*s.*

Those who wish Britain to contract out of nuclear weapon politics and those who, by supporting the 'deterrent', often seem to contemplate its use with equanimity are both politically negative: this is seen by the fact that their criticisms of each other are equally valid. The nuclear pacifists are entirely right in saying that there are no circumstances whatever in which the use of any nuclear weapons would be justified. Hence (as you and I have long suspected, though we have been too good-natured to say so) there is now no such thing as 'military thinking', there are no 'military experts'; and 'nuclear strategy', Caterham, civil defence, logistics, and General Norstad are all just expensive props in a sixth-rate farce which would be unbelievably dull if it were not so macabre. On the other hand, the friends of the deterrent who attack the nuclear disarmament campaign, appear to be right when they point out that the avoidance of national suicide cannot be secured by the unilateral renunciation of the British H-bomb or the banning of US missile bases in the UK: nothing short of our abandonment of NATO could make this possible – and for such a step there is almost certainly no majority in the country. If it were to take place, it would, of course, prevent us from influencing US policy any further, thus possibly making nuclear war more, rather than less, likely, without giving any final guarantee that our historical and geographical position would not anyway inevitably draw us into any future world conflict.

Home to Poland

CHRISTINE HOTCHKISS

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Mr Philip Noel-Baker proposes once again the positive alternative of multilateral and comprehensive disarmament. A far-reaching programme is necessary, not any partial plan (such as small conventional cuts or a ban on the future production of fissile material for war), because otherwise participating nations would have an incomplete idea of the world picture which would eventually emerge. Mr Noel-Baker effectively destroys the argument, often repeated recently by friends of the deterrent, that armaments are the reflection of outstanding political disputes; on the contrary, the arms race is itself the chief cause of its own continuance, it has itself in the past been the chief cause of wars, and any measure of disarmament that can be agreed will not only slow the race down, but also positively contribute to the settlement of specific disputes. For example, the start tomorrow of a series of cuts in US and Russian armed forces would inevitably help towards a European settlement, because the troops in question would be more likely to be taken away from Europe than from elsewhere, and because even the first measures of conventional disarmament would have to be internationally inspected.

Some of Mr Noel-Baker's detailed proposals may be open to question. His suggestion, for example, that one way of getting round the impossibility of guaranteeing the elimination of all nuclear stockpiles would be to establish a UN stockpile, has always seemed to me rather fanciful since I heard Admiral Fraser of North Cape propose it in the House of Lords in December 1955. But his book is one of the very few which really treat foreign affairs as the serious matter that they are, and plan for their future. With its complete and up-to-date analysis of the arsenals and the declared policies of the great powers – and the devastating exposure of the logical bankruptcy of the latter – it also provides a basic manual for a Socialist approach to defence and foreign policy. Mr Noel-Baker is specially skilful in showing the shameful ease with which we have come to accept weapons far more powerful than those used at Hiroshima and Nagasaki when the number of unsettled political disputes were far more numerous than they are today. He also explains the causes of the failure of the disarmament talks since 1946 and, entirely convincingly, lays the chief blame during the years since 1954 on the Western Powers. In both 1955 and 1956 the Soviet Union accepted Western proposals only to find that the West had changed their own minds. In 1957 agreement could almost certainly have been reached if the West had not continued to oppose a ban on tests outside general disarmament, and if they had been prepared to name the political settlements to be reached before the later stages of conventional disarmament. The failures of the Western administrations during these years has been effectively concealed from public opinion by a fog of platitude and sanctimoniousness, and every Socialist should read Mr Noel-Baker's exposure of the truth of the situation.

Of course, the idea of a world disarmament scheme is difficult to grasp: but there is no other way forward in defence and foreign policy. Many things in the past, which were previously pooh-poohed, have been achieved by the unceasing optimism, will-power and resilience of a few dedicated progressive politicians; and the Labour Party should name Mr Noel-Baker's volume a set-book for the coming summer, swing the Movement behind his ideas, and set them in the forefront of their general election programme and of their foreign policy when they are returned to power. There is a Luddite element in the pacifist attack on nuclear weapons which will prevent it probably from sweeping the country, even if its logic were more unassailable than it now is; but a vigorous and informed public opinion supporting a realistic multilateral disarmament plan could play a great part, even while the present government remains in office, by showing its distrust of the ludicrous pretensions of the military planners and its understanding of what can, and cannot, be done. Mr Noel-Baker has now given us the facts to enable us to achieve such an understanding.

HUGH THOMAS

Big Mouth in the Mountains

The Singing Mountaineers: Songs and Tales of the Quechua People. Collected by JOSE MARIA ARGUEDAS; edited by RUTH STEPHAN. *Nelson.* 18*s.*

The poems, fables, parables and stories this book offers come from a people who, despite their technical and aesthetic excellences, had no written language. Yupanqui, King of Peru, was killed and his Government destroyed. Civilisation revived; however, the knowledge of letters was lost. Later, Pachacuti was King. For him – and his people adopted the lunacy – letters were the origin of vice, pestilence and superstition; writing became a capital offence and illiteracy traditional among the Andean peasants – a habit they have preserved throughout the Incan dynasties, four hundred years of Spanish occupation, and the present rule of Western cartels. A few learnt Spanish. Those who told stories, poems and parables to the collectors of this book, spoke in Quechua – a branch of courtly Inca – which has been translated first into Spanish and then into English. In the original they have never been and cannot be written down.

Like all literature, distinct from joy-writing, the contents teach, record, inform, and delight. They contain the knowledge and the history of the people they serve. Each item in the book has its use. *Cordilleras* serenade the wheat, seen like glittering gold stains across the land; *ballads* declare the courage and skill of Incan troops; naturally there were hymns celebrating important Gods of the time, but, naturally, the Spanish religionists destroyed that lot. The tales serve to indoctrinate the young and remind the old of morality and civilised conduct. Even twice removed, their language is hard and effective. For example, as they thresh, joining hands and running across the straw,

> Beside this threshing floor we will have a circle
> Clap hands
> Let us have rods of ribbons
> Clap hands
> Let us have armfuls of ribbons

—then, when the straw has been turned with forked poles,

Ay sweet lime of my memories
you have talked with another in my absence—
—and when they are turning the straw anew,
we will join the dull bull talk,
boasting, boasting, with your mouth full of roses,
that is true, to say it is roses,
your hole of a mouth,
boast, boast, with your sweet stem of a throat—
and while they dance on the straw with their hands interlocked,
Mask of cabbage,
walking cane of onion,
coriander your head-piece,
parsley your claw-piece,
cut-out wood your tail,
look, take care,
little lizard, little lizard.

And so forth. There will not be a richer book this year.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

The Family

The Family in Contemporary Society. *S.P.C.K.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Widows and their Families. By PETER MARRIS. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

The old conflict between religion and the natural sciences stirs only faint echoes nowadays. Indeed, theologians will soon be celebrating the centenary of *Origin of Species* as a seminal event in the history of that general revelation which has helped to fill the gaps in the Book of Genesis. The persons displaced from territories now occupied by natural scientists have become assertive colonists in those areas over which the social sciences are establishing indisputable authority. There, with backs to the sea, they must defend supernatural explanations of human experience and behaviour against the steady encroachments of scientific method. As sociology catches up with revelation as a source of information about society, old battles will be fought over new ground and the churches will retreat from untenable positions by adjusting their theological presuppositions to accord with the findings of empirical studies. The unanimous *Report* on the contemporary family, prepared for submission to the Lambeth Conference in July by a Group convened by the Church of England Moral Welfare Council and containing amongst its members such distinguished social scientists as Sir Alexander Carr-Saunders, T. S. Simey and R. M. Titmuss, provides an instructive example of such adjustment.

There is a firmly established tradition of ecclesiastical ululation for the family. The recurring theme of bishops' pronouncements has been the disintegration of the home. In their interpretation of social change in the twentieth century morality has been corrupted by the widening use of contraceptives, parental responsibility has been eroded by each extension of the social services, and the sanctity of marriage undermined by divorce as working people have acquired the means to adopt some habits pioneered by their financial betters. Apprehensive laymen who have accepted the conclusions of their spiritual leaders must anticipate a Report which pronounces the final obsequies upon English family life. As they read, anxiety will dissolve into incredulity with the startling conclusion of the appendix on Europe and Great Britain. 'Far from disintegrating, the modern family is in some ways in a stronger position than it has been in any period in our history of which we have knowledge.' No wonder the Group prefaced its document with the delicate warning: 'The nature of our subject, and the responsibilities which our Christianity imposes upon us, oblige us to offer some things which the Bishops might understandably not have chosen for themselves. . . .'

What the Report offers is primarily a survey of contemporary demographic trends skilfully contrived to make the spectre of Malthus haunt the conference hall of Lambeth Palace. It points both to the effects of industrialism on the structure and functions of the family in advanced economies, and to the conflict in the so-called underdeveloped countries between God's twin commands to save life and to feed the hungry. These Christian duties, it suggests, can only be reconciled and fulfilled if the Church will extend to economic development and to birth control the enthusiastic approbation it has so far reserved for the fight against disease. These conclusions are supported by lengthy appendices which assemble much factual information about the results of industrialisation and the relations between poverty, resources, population growth and family patterns in many countries. By collecting and presenting all this material in readable form for only half a guinea, the Church of England has made a welcome contribution to public awareness and to informed discussion of critical, world-wide problems. But the Group is as much concerned with episcopal as with public enlightenment and has necessarily to clothe the not unfamiliar revelations of social science in the acceptable garb of theological insight. They achieve a tolerable fit by trimming 'out-of-date sociological assumptions' from their theological principles. Efforts

VITAL BOOKS

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By ANTHONY HAVIL, B.A.
The most concise and explicit examination of the subject yet published. This book is designed to teach contraception; at the same time it indicates that there are situations where it should not be used. The contents cover the subject in a comprehensive manner and the book is illustrated and includes a list of Family Planning Association Clinics, etc.

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to raise standards of living are approved because 'the importance, nay supremacy, of the eternal can be emphasised not by denouncing material development but by showing how these increased resources can be made part of a Christian offering'. The social disintegration which may result when Christian faith penetrates non-Christian societies can be mitigated by interpreting the uniqueness of Christianity in the light of the distinction between natural and revealed religion. Thus, non-Christian cultures need not wholly be condemned and the Church can work with, rather than for, such peoples in the assurance that 'even the "heathen" have some kind of moral insight'. An appendix analyses, in unrewarding and often curious detail, the theological and metaphysical aspects of copulation. This yields an approbation of contraception which falls rather short of the enthusiasm urged in the main Report. Nevertheless, there emerges the principle, sufficiently obscure for most practical purposes, that a conscientious decision by a married couple to use contraceptives is justified in unspecified circumstances.

The accumulation of knowledge and the desire to extend or to maintain its influence in poverty-stricken countries are together forcing the Church of England to re-assess its inherited attitudes to the family. This will reinforce the growing realisation that the familial behaviour of ordinary folk is at least as significant as that of deviants and may help to encourage empirical studies of the normal, functioning family. Mr Peter Marris's pioneering account of the effect of widowhood on seventy-two working-class families in East London, published as the third report of the Institute of Community Studies, adds notably to the limited stock of such information. His sample is too small to permit general conclusions from his analysis of widows' attitudes to grief, mourning and remarriage. Unhappily there is no doubt that the impoverishment which comes with the death of a young or middle-aged husband is representative. In chapters which have urgent relevance for social policy, Mr Marris lucidly disentangles the complexities and explains the anomalies of the treatment of this catastrophe under National Insurance. The fundamental limitation, he explains,

> is its inability to protect a widow against loss of status. It is framed in terms of 'minimum subsistence', but security against some absolute standard of poverty is barely reassuring. Security against a humiliating loss of self-respect, against seeing your children at a disadvantage, against becoming a burden on your family and the State matters even more. This National Insurance does not provide. Is it certain that it never could?

Mr Marris has defined one of the compulsory and preventable meannesses of our society. His humane, unsentimental book is proscribed reading for those who still delude themselves that the Welfare State has extirpated grinding poverty.

O. R. McGregor

New Novels

The Love Man. By Gwyn Thomas. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

A Forest of Tigers. By Robert Shaplen. *Deutsch.* 15*s.*

Things Fall Apart. By Chinua Achebe. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The Endless Colonnade. By Robert Harling. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

The Savage Mountain. By Willi Heinrich. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 16*s.*

Mr Gwyn Thomas must sometimes wonder who he is. He has been compared to Chaucer, Rabelais, Bunyan, Peacock, Shaw, Runyon, Joyce Cary and Christopher Fry. I do not propose to throw in my own candidates for comparison. In his novels of South Wales in the depression, Mr Thomas has shown himself a writer with natural exuberance, a very lively mind, a high degree of comic invention, a Welsh way with words, in which the funny and the poetic are hardly to be separated, and small sense of form. In *The Love Man,* he appears as a changed – I do not say reformed – character, and first of all, he is to be congratulated on having written a novel utterly different from anything he has done before, though as intelligent as ever. He has left the comic ardours of working-class Nonconformist Wales and gone to seventeenth-century Spain: the love man of the title is Don Juan, and he has given us an entirely original and suitably ironical rendering of the legend. The old stuff about the Statue is a deliberate invention put out by the Church to edify the pious while Juan rots in the cells of the Inquisition, where he has been thrown by his uncle the Bishop, bored by his unending mischief. But the Bishop is assassinated, and Juan, crippled by his excesses and his beauty ravaged by rats and gaol-fever, passes into the hands of the provincial governor, whose hatchet-man he becomes until, in turn, he passes into the hands of a woman who is going to stand no nonsense.

This novel adds considerably, it seems to me, to Mr Thomas's stature. I don't know whether his version of seventeenth-century Spain has much to do with history, but it is firmly established. There is comedy, but a much darker comedy than we have known in his work before, and springing out of character. The characters are excellent, sinister and mysterious. In this novel, Mr Thomas is more genuinely a poet than he has ever been before. One wonders what he will do next.

Every writer must remind us of another writer: how would we get on if it were otherwise? *A Forest of Tigers* is set in Saigon during the war in Indo-China; the hero is an American diplomat: Mr Shaplen must remind us of Graham Greene. In fact, he seems to me much more like a shallower, almost two-dimensional, Malraux. That indicates both the virtues and the limitations of his novel. Reading it, I was haunted all the time by *La Condition Humaine. A Forest of Tigers* is a most efficient novel, and it is conspicuously well written; as a rendering of intrigue, divided loyalties, mixed motives, it could scarcely be more convincing. This, one feels, is what it could only have been like in Saigon in 1950; and that I consider high praise. Yet the memories it evokes of Malraux's novel of Shanghai are almost fatal to it. The characters are well drawn and immediately acceptable in a naturalistic way, but they are without depth. Mr Shaplen's is a good liberal novel. His more admirable characters think in terms of the necessity for adequate medical supplies and so on; Malraux's were obsessed by convictions about the dignity of man; and perhaps this difference goes far towards explaining the nature of Mr Shaplen's honourable failure.

The author of *Things Fall Apart* is a young Nigerian, a graduate of Ibadan. The novel is a careful re-creation of Ibo life at the end of the last century, a life, as Mr Achebe records it, of great natural dignity and of a natural piety that has ossified into the tyranny of superstition. The anarchy that is loosed upon this African world is the unwitting result of the arrival of the missionaries followed by the guns and justice of colonial administrators. The clash between African and white man, between opposed modes of thinking, is stated rather than dramatised; and the tragic downfall of the central figure, Okonkwo, is muffled because, admirable though he may have been in his tribal context, he is scarcely a sympathetic or subtle character. But the novel is a most vivid account of tribal beliefs and culture fifty years ago; one looks forward with real interest to its sequel, which, one is told, is to deal with Okonkwo's descendants in Lagos today.

The Endless Colonnade gave me considerable pleasure, and I liked the values that inform it. But it seems to me to fall between two stools, the straight novel and the thriller. Mr Harling's hero, a nice Savile Club psychiatrist, plunged into apathetic despair by the death of his wife, goes on a highly cultural tour of the Palladian architecture of Italy, falls in love with an Italian woman in the party and becomes involved, semi-professionally, with a physicist from the Ministry of Supply who, in a half-hearted way, is about to do a Pontecorvo and pass over H-bomb secrets to the Communists. He commits suicide, and Dr Rupert Frost finds himself in possession of the physicist's papers and pursued across Italy by Communists dressed as Franciscan friars. Now that part of the novel which is straight novel, the observation of the other members of the party and in particular the account of the affair between Frost and the smart Roman woman, is very good; but for a thriller the pace is altogether too slow and this failure is not redeemed by a splendid passage at the end in which Frost is chased by pseudo-friars round the colonnade of St Peter's while a vast crowd of Catholic trade unionists is being blessed by the Pope. That is the real thing; but to have maintained it all the time Mr Harland would have had to jettison the straight parts of his novel.

New art books from Zwemmer

A revelation of medieval inspiration, gusto and inventiveness, Skira's recent **ROMANESQUE PAINTING £7 15s** by André Grabar and Carl Nordenfalk, presents 99 colour plates of frescoes, paintings and illuminations from the 10th to 13th century; while the renowned Skira Monograph series has as its latest title **MODIGLIANI 45s** by Claude Roy, with 58 colour plates integrated with a fascinating text. UNESCO continues its World Art Series with **U.S.S.R.: EARLY RUSSIAN ICONS £6 10s** by Victor Lasareff and Otto Demus, the main feature as usual being the 32 magnificent and very large (15in. x 11in.) colour plates of the most-prized of these heirlooms of religion and art. Ready on July 4th will be the two volumes of **FRENCH 20th CENTURY PAINTING £3 3s each** covering this rich period of creative turmoil with 58 colour plates in each volume; Volume I covers the Nabis, Fauves and Cubism to 1917; Volume 2 covers Cubism to Abstraction, 1914-1957. Much-needed but inexpensive illustrated books just out are **LYNN CHADWICK 7s 6d** by Sir Herbert Read (24 photographs); **VILLON 10s 6d** with 20 colour plates; **MANZÙ 7s 6d** with 24 photographs; and **LA JEUNE ÉCÔLE DE PARIS Vol. II 16s** with 16 colour plates of abstracts by younger artists.

The Savage Mountain is a grim slab of a book describing the disintegration of a German Army division on the Czech-Hungarian frontier in 1945. The characterisation does not amount to much, and most of the personages in the book are repellent; but the novel is worth reading for the account of the confused and hopeless battle the division fights against the Russians.

WALTER ALLEN

Week-end Competition

No. 1,477 **Set by Brian Hill**

The usual prizes are offered for a translation of the following verse by Florian:

Un roi de Perse, certain jour,
Chassait avec toute sa cour.
Il eut soif, et dans cette plaine
On ne trouvait point de fontaine.
Près de là seulement ètait un grand jardin
Rempli de beaux cédrats, d'oranges, de raisin:
'A Dieu ne plaise que j'en mange!'
Dit le roi; 'ce jardin courrait trop de danger:
Si je me permettais d'y cueillir une orange,
Mes vizirs aussitôt mangeraient le verger'.

Entries by 1 July.

Result of No. 1,474 **Set by Bystander**

The usual prizes are offered for a song to be sung in the bath. Limit 14 lines.

Report

A song to be sung in the bath must, as Ethel Talbot Scheffauer said, 'be loud, with good open vowels'. I think that it should be cheerful too and easily singable. That competitors agreed with this last quality was shown by the large number of parodies, from Douglas Grant's 'Come bathtub, cleanse the glowing whole' to Margaret Dunnett's 'Sprinkle, sprinkle, little shower'. A number of entries, however, seemed to be bathroom verses rather than something for the temporary occupant to sing. Such were P. M.'s—

Morning's at seven, and feels like a freezer,
But God's in his heaven—all's right with the geyser.
Flow gently sweet Afton, thy heart-warming gushes
Shall blend with the Pine stuff. O green grow the rushes!
Some say he's black but I'll make him bonnie—
(This isn't my loofah, but hey nonny, nonny!) . . .

E. S. Goodwill (whose entry was backed by a picture of the Roman Baths at Bath) deserves 2½ guineas for a song which has already proved its qualities in practice. A guinea each for Eileen M. Haggitt's patriotic chanty, James S. Fidgen's charming parody and J. R. Till's sahib's song. And a consolatory half-guinea to W. G. Daish for a less singable, but amusing variation on a damp theme. Next in the queue outside the bathroom door come Mary Cameron, P. M., A. M. Sayers and Livingstone K. Bluntmore.

When I was young I'd lose the Lux
And there I'd sit and grope.
But now I've got over that, my boys,
And I don't use any soap.

I'd leave black lines around the bath
And rile the landlady's daughter.
But now I've got over that, my boys,
And I don't use any water.

At first I found it rather cool
And feared I'd come to hurt.
But now I've got over that, my boys,
And I don't take off my shirt.

E. S. GOODWILL

A MADRIGAL IN THE BATH

Conclusion

Dips for two
And two for dips,
I'll loofah* you
(Woops, mind the drips!)
While you give me
A lathery
Shampoo.

We will do this frequently—
Then you weigh you while I shave me
Can't you see how clean we both shall be.

* All the world loves a loofah!

JAMES S. FIDGEN

A PATRIOTIC SONG TO BE SUNG IN THE BATH

The great big whale ate Jonah;
Here's the fishy question:
Did the whale or Jonah
Have most indigestion?
CHORUS: Praise the Lord and pass the flannel,
It couldn't happen in the Channel.

When Ulysses the Cunning
Sailed for his native shore,
They say his looks were stunning,
But his seamanship was poor.
CHORUS:
Praise the Lord etc.

Scylla and Charybdis—
A noisome pair, 'tis true—
But what I want to know is,
Which of them was who?
CHORUS:
Praise the Lord etc.

EILEEN M. HAGGITT

Though I wouldn't care a pin
About the shadows on my shin
If I only had to think of little me,
I'm a member of a race
That forbids us to lose face
By neglecting what the little eye can't see, see, see,
By neglecting what the little eye can't see.

And that is why I bawl
Allelulias to us all,
Plug-happy when I'm splashing in the wet;
In a holy, soapy glow
I address my little toe,
'Tell England you're a little white man yet, yet, yet
Tell England you're a little white man yet.'

J. R. TILL

IN A ROMAN BATH

Hey, for the jolly caldarium!
Ho, for the strigil and oil!
With slaves tough and brawny,
Or buxom and tawny
And thermae just gone off the boil.

Martial will spin us some dirties
And Pliny will tell us what's new.
Since they barred me from swimming
Along with the women,
I stay here and warble and stew

Till the toadies come in from their walk
And start such a pestilent hum,
That I leave, having told them their talk
Befits the sphaeristerium!

W. G. DAISH

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The Board recommends a final dividend on the Ordinary and "A" Ordinary Shares of 22½%, making with the interim dividend of 10% a total of 32½% for the year against 30%.

Reserves

We have transferred £1,900,000 to the General Reserve which now stands at £8,000,000. The Revenue Reserves amount to £10,213,000. The Capital Reserve remains at £19,323,000.

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We have spent over £3,000,000 during the year on the development and modernisation of our Stores.

The freehold and leasehold properties appear in the Balance Sheet at £41,259,000 and the fixtures and equipment at £4,620,000.

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The Stock in Trade of the Company stands at £10,488,000 against £11,123,000 last year.

General Survey

Turnover last year exceeded £130,000,000 compared with £125,000,000 in the previous year. At the end of the war, in 1946, our turnover was just over £19,000,000. The net profits after tax have risen from £1,052,000 to £6,193,000.

In the course of the years we have built up four great assets, the goodwill of our customers and their confidence in "St. Michael" goods; the splendid co-operative spirit between suppliers and ourselves; the loyalty and devotion of our management and staff; and by the investment of £31,000,000 drawn from profits since the war we have achieved a radical and striking transformation of many of our Stores.

The Cost of Living and the Campaign for Lower Prices

The cost of living has always been present in our minds. Our policy is directed to making such contribution as we can to this problem by providing goods of quality at prices within reach of the public's purse.

With the fall in price of raw materials, and especially wool of which we are large users, we felt that the moment was opportune to study, with our suppliers, the possibility of an early reduction in prices without, of course, sacrificing quality.

Prices have been brought down over a wide range of goods. The campaign caused great public interest and it met with considerable success. Thanks to this combined effort on the part of our suppliers and ourselves, we proved once again the efficiency and the flexibility of our methods of trading.

"St Michael"—A Household Word

Our policy on quality goods is unchanged, and we shall still seek for improvements in values. It is only by service to our customers that our business can prosper. The proof of this policy can be found in the volume of business we now report, and in the fact that an average of six million customers throng our Stores each week of the year.

Our brand name, "St Michael", for the garments we sell, stands not only for quality, but is the hallmark of exclusive goods at inexpensive prices. The quality and style of "St Michael" garments are the product of close collaboration between the buying executives, stylists and technologists.

Food Division

Although textile goods form the main part of the business, the food division is becoming increasingly popular and important. Our bakery products are making remarkable progress in variety and quality. This again is due to the close co-operation between our buyers, food technologists and a number of leading well-known suppliers, who have re-equipped, enlarged and modernised their bakeries to enable us to provide the public with oven-fresh goods by speedy and frequent deliveries.

We are specialising in selected and graded fruit, and work closely with a number of growers and packers of fruit at home and throughout the world.

Development Programme

We are concentrating on enlarging our existing stores where we have successfully traded for many years.

In the past year we put in hand 24 important extensions and completed 13. The present programme calls for six further extensions, to which will be added others as soon as final plans are approved.

In the past year we expended the sum of £3 million on expansion and modernisation, and this year we have allocated a similar sum for this purpose. We are operating some 300,000 feet of counters and racks, and are continually adding to the selling space necessary for the proper presentation of our goods and for the comfort and convenience of the public.

Costs of Administration

There is a constant examination of our present methods and we are continuing to find ways and means of cutting out unessential work and of further simplification. In this way we have been able to maintain the overall costs of operation on about the same level as last year, although our turnover has increased.

We are in the process of transferring the administration to new and spacious offices in Baker Street. Our work in streamlining the organisation will be facilitated when the central administration comes together under one roof.

Tribute to Manufacturers

This year, in particular, it is with pleasure that I acknowledge the close collaboration which has made it possible for us to move swiftly and effectively in our campaign to lower retail prices. I thank them for their part in the implementation of our policy. It reflects the understanding relationship which exists between us.

In my first speech to the shareholders of Marks and Spencer as a public company in 1927, I said:—

> "We purchase in this country practically 90% of our requirements. It is our aim and object to get as much produced in this country as possible, and the efforts of our buyers are constantly being directed to this cardinal principle of our business. This achievement can only be effected by a closer co-operation between the manufacturer and ourselves, by the adaptation of his manufacture to our needs, and by the elimination of unnecessary intermediaries and charges."

Today we can state with pride that over 99% of our manufactured goods are still made in this country.

Tribute to Staff

The Board is justly proud of the high quality of service given by members of the Company, and of the fine spirit in which this service is carried out.

Although we attach great importance to a progressive wage policy, we are equally concerned to create a happy working atmosphere throughout the business. In the past year we spent over £800,000 on the provision of a wide range of amenities for the well-being of the staff. The cost to the Company works out at £35 for each member.

We operate two important funds for the benefit of the members of the Company. The Benevolent Fund, to which we make an allocation of £150,000 per annum from profits, and the Pension Scheme, which, in the past year, cost the Company £300,000. Since the inception of these funds the Company's contribution totals some £3,750,000 made up as to £1,275,000 to the Benevolent Fund, and £2,500,000 to the Pension Scheme.

The report and accounts were adopted.

City Lights

High Spirits

Stock markets make a pretty picture at the moment. London, tickled out of its disappointment with the busmen by an increase in initial allowances to industry, is strutting along confidently at its best level for the year: the Treasury bill rate fell by ¼ per cent. last week and everyone knows that the Bank Rate must soon follow it downwards. Wall Street, meanwhile, is rushing ahead gaily. The business news is a little better, investors have jumped to the conclusion that the recession is over for good, and the resulting improvement in share prices has been magnified by the anxiety of bears to get out of the market before the going becomes too expensive. Prices on Wall Street are now very high in relation to the likely level of profits in the immediate future. It would be a pity if anything were to happen to prick the latest bubble of confidence in renewed expansion, renewed inflation and ultimate victory for the American way of life. For some time, however, the market must remain uneasy – liable to react with nervous suddenness to headlines about President Chamoun, Marshal Tito, and the Man in the Moon.

* * *

M. Pinay is starting work on the moral and financial regeneration of France with a new government loan very much on the lines of the issue which made his reputation six years ago. Persistent inflation has made it almost impossible to issue straightforward fixed-interest stocks in France. The new loan carries a 3½ per cent. coupon and is exempt from transfer and death duty, but its main attraction lies in the fact that it is redeemable over the course of 54 years at a price pegged to the market price of the gold Napoleon. The object of issuing it at this time, of course, is to ease the foreign exchange position by inducing Frenchmen to lend to the state some part of their large private holdings of gold and foreign assets. If it fails to do so, some entirely fresh base for economic reform must be found – though the General seems now to have discovered that severe import cuts and the unemployment they would produce are not likely to increase his popularity with the Left. Another devaluation, though probably inevitable, will serve no useful purpose unless the trade account has first been brought into balance.

* * *

Local authorities have to queue up patiently and take their turn when Grandma tells them if they want to borrow money through a new issue of stock. This they find annoying, especially since the great part of their capital expenditure is for essential purposes and is tightly controlled by the government. The County Treasurer of Middlesex, addressing the Institute of Municipal Treasurers and Accountants last week, had some harsh things to say about the present system, not all of them sympathetic to the working of a free market. There seems a good deal to be said for his idea of forming an association of local authorities to raise capital for their members in the market – an extension of what is already being done to some extent with mortgages. This would not only alleviate the damage which local authorities do themselves by competing for funds but would remove the absurd convention by which an authority with go-ahead ideas is regarded in the City as less credit-worthy than its stodgy neighbours and forced to pay more for its money.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 449. Blissful Blundering

There's much to be said for unerring positional judgment and flawless end-game technique, but as often as not it is a healthy knack for blundering that gives us quite some thrills. Here's a game gloriously alive with question-marks no less than exclamation-marks.

(1) P-K4, P-K3; (2) P-Q4, P-Q4; (3) Kt-QB3, B-Kt5; (4) B-Q2, P x P; (5) Q-Kt4, Kt-KB3; (6) Q x KtP, R-Kt1; (7) Q-R6 Q x P; (8) O-O-O, Kt-Kt5?; (9) Q x P?, R-R1, (10) Q x P, B x Kt!; (11) Q-B3, B x P ch; (12) K-Kt1, Kt x BP?!; (13) B-Kt5 ch, P-B3; (14) Kt-K2, Q-Kt3; (15) K x B, Q x B ch; (16) K-R1, Kt x KR??; (17) Q-B6!!, Q x Kt?; (18) Q x R ch, K-Q2; (19) Q-Q8ch!!! resigns.

This – Galula-Andor, Paris 1954 – is one of 571 games in *The Golden Treasury of Chess*, a famous American anthology, compiled by the editors of *Chess Review* and now issued in an English edition (*Arco*, 21*s*.). The span reaches from Petroff and Kieseritzky in the mid-forties of the last century to Pilnik and Kotov in our own mid-fifties, and what I like about the collection is its revival of brilliancies not nearly as well known as Lange-Anderssen, Breslau 1858.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-Kt5, Kt-Q5; (4) Kt x Kt, P x Kt; (5) B-B4, Kt-B3; (6) P-K5, P-Q4; (7) B-Kt3, B-KKt5; (8) P-KB3, Kt-K5!; (9) O-O, P-Q6!; (10) P x B, B-B4 ch; (11) K-R1, Kt-Kt6 ch!; (12) P x Kt, Q-Kt4; (13) R-B5, P-KR4!!; (14) KtP x P, Q x R; (15) P-Kt4, R x P ch!!; (16) P x R, Q-K5!; (17) Q-B3, Q-R5 ch; (18) Q-R3, Q-K8 ch; (19) resigns.

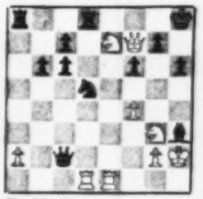
The book is well indexed, and some of the games are prefaced by appetite-whetting remarks such as—Colle-Grünfeld, 1926—'one of the most brilliant games ever played.' I agree. It happens to be one of my favourites.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) Kt-KB3, P-K3; (3) P-K3, P-QKt3; (4) B-Q3, B-Kt2; (5) QKt-Q2, P-B4; (6) O-O, B-K2; (7) P-QKt3, P x P; (8) P x P, P-Q3; (9) B-Kt2, QKt-Q2; (10) P-B4, O-O; (11) R-B1, R-K1; (12) R-K1, Q-B2; (13) Q-K2, QR-B1; (14) Kt-B1, Q-Kt1; (15) Kt-Kt3, Q-R1; (16) Kt-Kt5, P-Kt3; (17) Kt x BP!, K x Kt; (18) Q x P ch, K-Kt2; (19) P-Q5, Kt-B4; (20) Kt-B5 ch! K-B1; (21) Q-K3, P x Kt; (22) Q-R6 ch, K-B2; (23) B x P, B x P; (24) R x B ch!, R x R; (25) Q x Kt ch, K-K1; (26) Q-R8 ch, K-B2; (27) B x R, resigns.

And finally, picked from quite an *embarras de richesse*, a game of some historical and theoretical interest, one of the earliest Blumenfeld Counter Gambits, won by Alekhine in 1922. (But Tarrasch evidently wasn't too sure of such untrodden ground.)

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) Kt-KB3, P-K3; (3) P-B4, P-B4; (4) P-Q5, P-QKt4; (5) P x KP? (B-Kt5!), BP x P; (6) P x P, P-Q4; (7) P-K3, B-Q3; (8) Kt-B3, O-O; (9) B-K2, B-Kt2; (10) P-QKt3, QKt-Q2; (11) B-Kt2, Q-K2; (12) O-O, QR-Q1; (13) Q-B2, P-K4; (14) KR-K1, P-K5; (15) Kt-Q2, Kt-K4; (16) Kt-Q1, Kt(3)-Kt5; (17) KB x Kt, Kt x B; (18) Kt-B1, Q-Kt4! (19) P-KR3, Kt-R3; (20) K-R1, Kt-B4; (21) Kt-R2, P-Q5!; (22) B-B1, P-Q6; (23) Q-B4 ch, K-R1; (24) B-Kt2, Kt-Kt6 ch; (25) K-Kt1, B-Q4; (26) Q-R4, Kt-K7 ch; (27) K-R1, R-B2; (28) Q-R6, P-R4!; (29) P-Kt6 Kt-Kt6 ch!; (30) K-Kt1, P x P; (31) Q x KtP, P-Q7; (32) R-KB1, Kt x R; (33) Kt x Kt, B-K3; (34) K-R1, B x P!; (35) P x B, R-B6; (36) Kt-Kt3, P-R5; (37) B-B6, Q x B; (38) Kt x P, R x P ch; (39) Resigns.

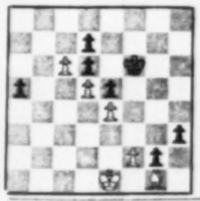
A: G. MacDonnell 1861



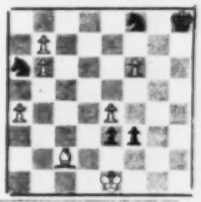
The 4-pointer for beginners: How did White snatch speedy victory from a seemingly lost position? **B** (for 6 ladder-points) is an amusing draw, **C** (for 7) a win.

Usual prizes, entries by 30 June.

B: V. Tchekhover 1948



C: A. P. Kasantsev 1950



REPORT on No. 446. Set 31 May

A: (1) R-K8 ch, K-Q2; (2) R-K3, Q-Kt2; (3) R x B ch Q x R, (4) R-Q3! etc.

B: (1) P-B7, R-QB1, (2) P-Q7, R x P; (3) P=Q, B-Kt3 ch; (4) K-Q3!, R-B6 ch; (5) K x R, B x Q; (6) Kt-K6, B-Kt3; (7) B-K8 mate.

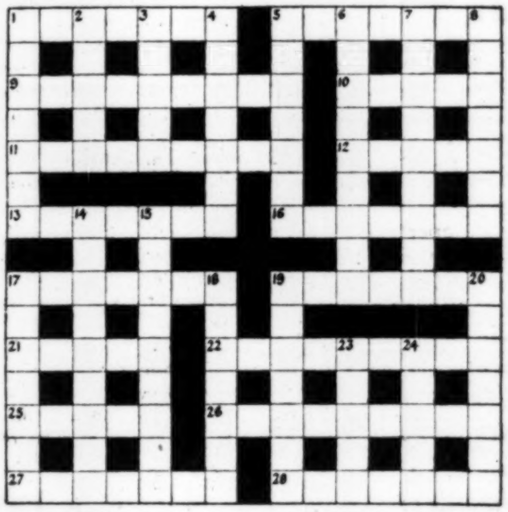
C: (1) B-R4 ch, K-Q4; (2) B x P, R-QR6; (3) K-Kt6, R x B; (4) B-Kt5!, B x B; (5) P=Q ch, B x Q ch; (6) K-Kt5! etc.

Prizes: E. Allan, R. C. Chaturvedi, M. P. Furmston, J. Mitchell, M. B. Yeats.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 308

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 308, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 1 July.



ACROSS

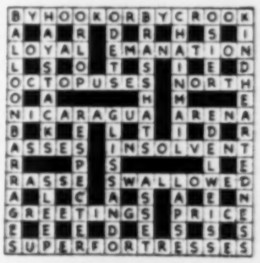
1. A most attractive girl, but she is surrounded by backward males (7).
5. 'When the first star —— and the last wave pales' (Flecker) (7).
9. Town of radio industry caught by radio village (9).
10. One reduced to tears in returning a decoration (5).
11. Musician who comes in for Aladdin selling lamps (9).
12. Piece of furniture which needs a second instrument to make it (5).
13. State train (7).
16. Fuel-like ascetic? (7).
17. Party chiefs' territories? (7).
19. The screen lets her change (7).
21. Without bustle the lowest become prosperous (5).
22. Lifts across the ocean (9).
25. I am in the retrograde lower-class workers' association (5).
26. Took over again to study the reorganisation of a depot (9).
27. The child of a witch, she aged dreadfully (7).
28. Delight with inside information about a film star (7).

DOWN

1. Tenure of society on a prison (7).
2. Equipped for battle and wounded in London (5).
3. Champion name for a bird (5).
4. Shows signs of embarrassment for Soviet studies (7).
5. Two fifties in a hurry, and so taken off (7).
6. Island in which the hotel is not occupied (9).
7. Expert caught in unfamiliar emotions (9).
8. The last shift for cunning (7).
14. Being over-indulgent, married a fairy in a moment of painful emotion (9).
15. One more than this number converted to the Church for life (9).
17. Issue a cry of anguish after a bright young thing (7).
18. Cut up part of the body in the outhouse (7).
19. Building in which there is a woman to make a noise (7).
20. Hurry on the retreat for this town (7).
23. The smell shows that nothing takes place in the beginning of the *Æneid* (5).
24. Chose a lesson in a dictionary (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 306



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 306

D. R. J. Chillingworth (London, SW11), Mrs Margaret M. Campbell (Glasgow, E3), Rev C. H. Owen (St Martin's, Scilly)

WHERE TO STAY

SUSSEX. Glyndebourne visitors and others welc. 18th-century Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Comf. rooms, brkfst. Tel. 1773.

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SURREY. Wonham House Hotel, Godstone, in beautiful surroundings 22 miles Lond. Ideal for wkend or restful holiday. Comf., gd. food. AA, RAC. South Godstone 217011.

SUSSEX Downs. Monks Rest Guest House (17th Century), Jevington, the village in the Downs. Easy access Eastbourne. All comforts. Brochure. Polegate 178.

OLD Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imaginative & plentiful food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. hg. Fr. 8½ gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, MP.

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SUSSEX, Whinrig Guest House, Horam. 12 miles Eastbourne. Everything home-made. Vegetarians welcome. From 6½ gns.

LONDON, WC1, Ambassadors Hotel. Bed and Breakfast. Single room 28s. Double room 54s. No surcharge. Nr Kings X, Euston and St. Pancras Stns. EUS. 1456.

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WHERE TO STAY—continued

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GOODRINGTON Sands, few minutes sea. Coleman, Sea-Joy, Elmsleigh Park, Paignton, Devon. Tel. 58825.

PRIVATE residence. Every comfort in homely atmosphere. 12s nightly. 10 St George's Avenue, London, N7. Tel. until 1 p.m. NOR. 1883, after 1 p.m. NOR. 5480.

BED and Breakfast guide to Great Britain. Essential for tourists. 96 pages, 2s. 10d. post free from Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Road, London, NW1.

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ENGADIN. Alpine village offers restful holiday amidst lovely flowers. Comf. accom., delicious food, moderate terms. Write Hotel Meisser, Guarda, Engadin, Switzerland.

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HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gerionydd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires. Friendly & Informal, 6/7gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Llanrwst 166.

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These posts offer exceptional opportunities for participation in clinical work, research and the development of new projects in the field of social psychiatry.

Accommodation, together with a wide range of sports, social and cultural amenities is available. Salary £585 × £25 (9) to £810, placing according to age and experience.

Applications accompanied by the names of two referees should be sent to the Physician Superintendent not later than 31 July.

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AUSTRALIA – University of Adelaide. Applications are invited for appointment as Assistant to the Director of Adult Education. The appointment carries the status of a Senior Lecturer in the University. Salary scale: £A2,100 × £A80 – £A2,500 p.a. with superannuation on the FSSU basis. Copies of the general conditions of appointment of sub-professional staff in the University of Adelaide and of a statement issued for the information of candidates may be had on application to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 or to the Registrar. Any further information desired will be supplied on request. Applications, in duplicate and giving the information listed in the general conditions of appointment should reach the Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, not later than 15 July, 1958.

THE Headquarters of a national organisation having a progressive programme concerned with educational and social questions and with international connections requires a woman graduate under 35 as assistant secretary. She should be energetic, have some organising ability, and previous office or administrative experience would be an advantage. Starting salary £500. Apply before 1 July to the British Federation of University Women, 17A Kings Road, SW3.

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THE Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire St, London, W1. WEL. 8017.

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WORKERS' Educational Association West Midland District. Applications are invited from graduates for the post of Organising Tutor in North Warwickshire. Teaching subjects: Industrial Studies or History or P.P.E., though other subjects may be considered. Salary £650 to £1,200. Details (please enclose s.a.e.) from R. P. B. Davies, MA, 19 Calthorpe Rd, Birmingham, 15.

TUTORS wanted, men between 25 and 40, to teach English to Summer Course on Suffolk Coast from 20 July until 1 September. Degree and experience essential. Salary according to experience, minimum £7 a week resident. Box 1230.

NATIONAL Foundation for Educational Research. Applications are invited from suitably qualified graduates with teaching experience for the post of Assistant Research Officer. The appointment will be for a period of two years in the first instance, commencing on 1 September 1958 on the salary scale £700 × £25 to £750. Particulars and application forms from the Director (N), NFER, 79 Wimpole Street, London, W1.

WINTRINGHAM Boys' Grammar School, Grimsby. Four posts vacant in September. The headmaster will be pleased to hear from suitably qualified graduates who would like to join 700 intelligent workers, men and boys, with interests ranging from ballistics to callisthenics, and who are prepared to accept such priorities, rather than financial lures or a five-day week.

WORKERS' Educational Association, East Midland District. Applications are invited for the post of organiser for Nottingham and South Nottinghamshire which will be vacant on or about 1 October. University degree not essential. Salary scale £600 × £25 × £800. Particulars from J. T. Rhodes, District Secretary, 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham.

THE Recuperative Centre for Mothers and Children at Crowley House, Weoley Park Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29 (under the control of the Committee of the Middlemore Homes), has a vacancy for a Resident Member of Staff. The work of the Home is an experiment in family rehabilitation. Mothers with family problems came into residence with their young children for periods of up to four months for rest and guidance in home management and family care. Applicants should have a social study qualification and be interested in, and capable of, co-operating with a team of trained workers in all the activities of the Home in connection with the families in residence, and also families recently returned to their own homes. Fathers are resident at weekends. The work offers good opportunities for a worker anxious to gain experience in one of the newer branches of social work concerned with the prevention of child neglect and family break-up. Further information obtainable from the Secretary.

COUNTY Borough of Dudley—Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the appointment of Assistant Welfare Officer on the Salary Scale. APT I (£575-£725). The purpose of the appointment is to enable the Council to develop its Services to handicapped persons (although some work amongst the aged will also be required) and the successful applicant must have considerable casework experience. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Town Clerk, The Council House, Dudley, Worcs. by Monday 30 June, 1958.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Committee. Part-time Psychotherapist reqd. at Hounslow Child Guidance Centre for three sessions p.wk. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised training and/or the equivalent exper. in Child Psychotherapy reqd. Salary £2 10s. p. 3 hr. session. Prescribed conditions. Application forms from Chief Education Officer (Ref. G.P.), 10, Great George Street, SW1, returnable by 5 July. (Quote X.577 NS). Canvassing disqualifies.

ASST Secretary, Howard League for Penal Reform. Suitable for someone seeking congenial atmosphere and interesting and varied work rather than high salary. 4 weeks' leave. Applics by 27 June. Detls from Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY of Birmingham Children's Department. Appointment of Personal Assistant to the Children's Officer. Applications invited for above appointment at a salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T.III (£845/£1,025 per annum). Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. The successful applicant will act as personal assistant to the Children's Officer and as such will have contact with many aspects of the administration of the Department. The post offers an opportunity to a young and ambitious man or woman to obtain valuable and extensive experience in the work of a large Children's Department. Previous experience is desirable and, whilst not essential, possession of an appropriate University Degree or Social Science Diploma would be an advantage. Applications for the post – which is superannuable and subject to medical examination – giving name, age, qualifications, experience and the names of three referees, should be sent by 30 June, 1958, to the undersigned from whom further particulars can be obtained. Ernest J. Holmes, Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham, 3.

A RESIDENT bursar/secretary (single man) is required for the Mulberry Bush School at Standlake, Nr Witney. (A special school for maladjusted children fully recognised by the Ministry of Education: age range 5-12.) The bursar will need to be experienced in management, able to deal with accounts, and to organise budgeting and expenditure. He will be one of the treatment team. Salary will depend on experience and qualifications and include full board and lodging.

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Wilts. Applications invited from men holding Home Office Certificate in Child Care and/or Social Science Diploma for post of Child Care Officer. Salary in accordance with A.P.T. Grade I (£575-£725), commencing at not less than £635, with additional increment of £30 if Home Office Certificate is held. Application forms with full details from the Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable by 30 June, 1958.

LONDON County Council. Experienced Social Worker preferably with social science qualifn reqd for permanent appointment as Assistant Local Organiser under Mental Deficiency Acts. Duties incl. visiting and reporting on mental defectives living in the community. Salary £592 10s.-£792 10s.; abated commenc. salary for persons under 24. Apply Medical Officer of Health (Ph/D.1/1140) County Hall, SE1, forms returnable by 30 June.

RADIOGRAPHER (whole- or part-time) required. Sole charge post. Further particulars from Chief Physician, Chest Clinic, Upton Hospital, Bucks.

FAMILY Service Units have vacancies, resident and non-resident, for six family caseworkers, men or women, for the extension of their work with problem families in London and several provincial cities. Preference will be given to applicants with social science training and previous experience of social work. Non-resident salaries £525/25/700; Children's allowances, pension scheme. Also vacancies for two senior workers with advanced qualifications and suitable experience preferably in mental health work. Salaries from £625 to £850. Write to Secretary, FSU, 25 St Mary's Grove, N1.

DARTINGTON Hall School. Assistant Housemother required for September for this coeducational boarding school (ages 12 to 18). Ability to give help with some teaching or games an advantage. Apply to the Principals, Mr & Mrs Child.

DEPUTY Matron and one Staff Nursery Nurse required by Coventry Children's Committee for their Residential Nursery, 'The Manor', Tamworth Road, Keresley, near Coventry. This is a non-training Nursery with 30 places. NMC conditions and salaries plus £26 local award in certain circumstances. Application forms from Children's Officer, New Council Offices, Coventry.

PERSONAL Assistant to owner of retail business of good standing. Good English typing & figure work essential. Congenial position for capable conscientious woman. State age & details of career. Box 1290.

PRIVATE Secretary required by Labour MP. Capable person with good secretarial experience. Apply Box 1320.

SECRETARY 19/22 for well-known book publishers W1. Salary £9-£10. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUNter 0676.

EDITORIAL secretary for architectural magazine, beginning Sept. State age, education, experience. Box 1304.

ENERGETIC, enterprising young editorial assistant required for rapidly expanding publishers. Experience negotiating foreign contracts desirable. French and German essential. Three weeks' annual holiday, luncheon vouchers. Excellent prospects. Apply in writing to MacGibbon and Kee, 50 Margaret Street, London, W1.

PART-time Shorthand-typist wanted by Publishers, Charing Cross area. Hours 10-3, Monday to Friday. TEM. 0044.

TEMPORARY Secretarial Post? Ring MAY 6336. Savoy Agency, 487 Oxford St, W1.

TEMPORARY vacancies now! Shorthand-typists up to £11. Copy-typists up to £9! Don't delay! Call MIN. 9791.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG woman, early thirties, desires part-time work of interesting creative nature. Secretarial experience, fluent French and German, translating experience. Nominal salary only required if work worthwhile. Write Box 1040.

WOMAN teacher, 24, seeks temp. post Aug., Sept., anything consid. Box 1149.

PART-time or temp. work. Exp. organising, typing, driving. Travelled. Working knowl. Spanish. Lady middle-aged. Box 1166.

SOCIAL worker (f.), 24, BA Soc. Studies & practical experience, seeks part-time voluntary work London. Box 1168.

RETIRED Schl Sec., fluent German, own typewriter, sks p.-time job. Box 1241.

ORGANISING Secretaryship, voluntary or prof. body, sought by woman grad., exp. cttee & casework, social serv. Box 1234.

SWISS girl knowing Eng., Gr., French, Italian, with Embassy experience as translator, excellent references, seeks post with airlines and business firms. Box 1284.

BRIT. Grad. PhD (French), also fluent German, seeks part/full-time work London. Teaching experience. Box 1169.

VERSATILE woman writer, experienced journalist, British Nationality, widely travelled in Europe, Middle East, South America, fluent German, French, Italian, Spanish, Hungarian, typing, seeks interesting job in editorial, publishing firm, or would work with writer, artist, archivist, or in literary research. Box 1324.

DOES any struggling society or organisation want the services of retired civil servant, aged 48, widely travelled, intellectual. £7 p.w. accepted for suitable offer. Box 573.

AMERICAN (Brit. born) free-lance woman writer published major national magazines, seeks offsetting occupation, or spot jobs involving contact with public. Interviewing? Tourism? Suggestions? Box 1247.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

THE Nation, America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £3 4s. 3d. yearly may be sent through the Publisher, NS, 10 Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Specimen copy on request.

'THE Linguist', the language monthly for experts and intelligent beginners. 17s yearly. Spec. copy 1s. 3d. from The Linguist (N.S.), 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1.

'NATURE Cure Investigated.' 6d. from Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

STRIKE Strategy and how to avoid divisions amongst trade unionists, is the theme of R. Palme Dutt's Notes in Labour Monthly. Also 'Unemployment Warning' by Sir Richard Coppock; 'Strijdom's "Triumph"', by Solly Sachs; 'Scientists Against Nuclear Arms', by Dr E. H. S. Burhop. Post free 1s. 8d., or 9s half-yearly, from NS, 134 Ballards Lane London, N3.

'FEMALE Homosexuality' by Dr Caprio was said by The Listener to be 'a serious contribution to the subject'. 31s. 6d. post-free. From booksellers or Peter Owen, 50 Old Brompton Road, SW7.

KEROUAC'S 'On The Road' (16s. pf) & other off-Beat novels from Hampstead's High Hill Bookshop, 11 High St, NW3. HAM. 2218.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly, 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality', and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist', free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

PURSUED by a Bear.

'THE Week', the brilliant survey in The Observer every Sunday, that gives you a clear perspective on a whole week's news in 15 minutes' easy reading. Let The Observer put the world in your hands on Sunday.

ALGERIA/France: the 'inside' story: 'France Observateur'; year, £2 12s., half-year, £1 8s. Cheques: 'Andrew Roth', 34 Somali Rd, NW2.

USSR Today. Keep up to date; read 'Soviet Weekly', lavishly illustrated, price 3d. Subscriptions: 3s. 3d. quarterly, from Dept N, 3 Rosary Gardens, London, SW7.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

BOOKS bought and sold, offers made for any quantity English, German, French. Waterhouse, 2 Station Arcade, Swiss Cottage, London, NW6. PRImrose 2585.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop. W6. RIV. 6807.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner AMB. 1564 or write Box 8155.

FOOD AND DRINK

DO you like ghost stories? Keep a bottle of El Cid Amontillado handy. It makes such a wonderful companion to your favourite relaxation. Anyway, it's fine for keeping your spirits up!

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St, W1. MUSeum 8141. Open till 10 p.m.

PERSONAL

DRAMATISTS willing to undergo having a play produced by boys' grammar school are asked for scripts/suggestions. Nothing cosy or boyish but more in style of Aristophanes, Jonson, Brecht, Whiting or Ionesco. Utmost co-operation, sympathy. Usual rates. S.a.e to Parkes, Coopers' Company's School, Tredegar Square, London, E3.

POSITANO – July-Sept. House party. Large divan-studio. Terrace overlooking sea. Charming rustic villa. Innocuous prices. Ginepro, Casa Mancini.

ITALY, 2 car seats in Consul, 10-27 August. Box 1217.

YNG. woman sks. p-time job: 9.30 – 2.30 pm. Cont. ckng. drives own car, spks German, wld. look after invalid/child. SPE. 8032.

EX Oxford lecturer & family offer free accom. & little pocket money in house by sea return some baby-minding girl, 2½, & little gen. help. Daily help kept. Abundant free time. All/part July & Aug. MEA. 3979.

TECHNICAL Author, both Arts and Science graduate, arranges, writes up and prepares for publication rough notes of scientists, economists and similar. Box 1268.

SMALL furn. house Kensington, free July/August. Reasonable. Box 1202.

EX-MATRON offers com. acc. elderly retired people. Mod. charge. SYD. 3594.

SWISS girl (17) sks holiday with pleas. family, au pair from mid-July to end Aug. Darcy, 47 Chesterfield Rd., Ashford, Mx.

SHOREHAM-by-Sea. Tiny flat to let, fully equipped. Service/meals if required. 'Phone 3514. Box 1068.

WANTED exchange flat Paris St Germain Prés, 3 rms, k., b., for equiv. in or near Oxford or Cambridge. 15 July-15 Aug. Write Vissot, 47 r. Bonaparte.

GIRL stud., 18, capable, fond of children, sks light holiday post. Box 1221.

VIOLA player mod. ability sought for Mozart, Schubert &c. quartets. WES 0806.

WOULD anyone help find/share month's cheap holiday suitable work (writing). Convenience only: no demands made/wanted. Advertiser quasi-normal m. 32. Box 1033.

JEEP with driver available for towing caravans, etc. SWI. 4164.

3 adults, 4 children require seaside house, last wk July, 1st wk Aug. simple accom. at mod. charge. TUD. 6979 (evenings), 27 Barnard Hill, N10.

THESIS-writing eggheads offer share tower Dordogne 3/7-3/8. Basic cost London-London £30 each. Car-owners most welcome. 19 Orchard St, Cambridge.

LADY 30's seeks another with whom to join Bridge Club, beginner. Box 1240.

MSS corrected, revised, typed by Fleet St editor-writer. Gen. typg. Box 1201.

YOUNG man, 25, seeks male companion for continental holiday. Box 1138.

CHILDREN over 3 yrs old welcomed as paying guests, any duration. P. D. Wilson, The Gables, Halland (Tel. 268), Lewes, Sx.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

CAMERA Advice Centre specialises in developing of films by inspection, and quality enlarging. 54 Park Road (cont. Baker St), NW1.

'EN Famille' Holidays in Austria, France, Germany, etc. Why not let us make individual arrangements for you to enjoy the interesting friendly atmosphere of a private family or join one of the special Groups visiting our International Host-Family Centre? Meet and get to know the people of the country you visit. Illus. broch. EFA, 1 New Burlington St, Regent St, W1. REG. 8866.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores, Ltd, 12 Marriott's Court, Manchester, for price list of our surgical goods, etc.

PERSONAL Printed Stationery at prices you can afford. Send for sample range today. Solace Ptg Co., 12a Fordwych Rd, NW2.

CHILDREN'S Seaside Holiday School. Every care. 4-12 yrs. Thanet House, 18 Callis Court Rd, Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

HOLIDAY Help; foreign girls seek 'au pair' posts July-Oct. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN. 1586.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. The Regent Institute (Dept. E./191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

C'EST pas cher! Rely on Riviera Parker! A flat, house for holiday 2 wks or for ever. Parker, 1 Rue Brûlée, Antibes, A.M.

PERSONAL—continued

ISRAEL Film Show, 25 June, 12.30-1.30 p.m., British Council Film Theatre, 6 Hanover St, W1. First showing of Erna Low's Travel Film of Israel, followed by the film, 'They Met in Galilee'. Entrance free but by ticket only. Afterwards, Travel Luncheon at Selby's. Tickets and full details from Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

TRAINED Sec., Malay, young son, would like residential post where child is welcomed. Please write Box 1313.

BURGESS Hill School Camp near Livorno, Italy. 29 July to 28 Aug. Inclusive fee 40 gns. Apply: The Secretary, Burgess Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, NW3.

SPEND Holiday learning sailing in the Solent. Comfortable accom. ashore. Young, 'Shore Copse', Wootton, I.O.W.

WANDERLUST economically and efficiently nourished with appropriate tickets, etc., by Protravel, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101. No booking fees.

ORIGINAL Setting and Costume Designs by leading contemporary Theatrical Designers are on permanent Exhibition at Masque Bookshop, 1 Goodwin's Court, St Martin's Lane, WC2, and can be purchased at reasonable prices.

THE Labour Peace Fellowship invites inquiries for membership from Labour Party Members, Trade Unionists and Cooperators. Chairman: Victor Yates, MP. Details, including current Bulletin, from the Gen. Secretary, Denis Brian, 24a, Breakspears Rd, London, SE4.

PERSONALLY conducted tour of studio illustrated in June Architectural Design and photograph by Anthony Panting for 4 gns. Buses 59a, 159 may leave Piccadilly, Bakerloo will, for 30 Abbey Gardens, St. John's Wood, NW8. MAI. 3200.

HOME & Montessori School. 3-8 yrs. Any period. Highly recommended. White House, Isfield, Uckfield, Sx.

SMALL, informal parties are now being arranged for members to meet one another at theatres, cinemas, dances, art exhibitions, music circles, At Homes, etc. Send s.a.e. for particulars and programme to The Companions Club, 11c Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St, London, W1.

SOCIOLOGY, psychology, talking, dancing, music, play-reading, painting, rambling—are you interested? Write Sec. (B), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd, W8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. SLO. 9595.

PERSONALIST Club. A new approach to philosophy, culture, leisure activities. Informal, friendly. Box 1063.

BOYS and Girls enjoy holidays 1958 at Pippins, Axminster, 23 July to 3 Sept. Strachan. Creek Vean, Feock, Truro, C'wall.

MISS Ollivier, Colonic lavage. Stimulating. MAY. 1085, open evenings.

10% discount to readers. All household electrical goods, fridges, hi-fi, radios, TV, etc. MOU. 6597.

UP The Creek – or across the Channel – Atalanta, Fairey Marine's wonderful 26-foot sailing cruiser, will take your whole family in comfort and safety for the finest holidays you've ever known. Use Atalanta as a caravan to trail to your cruising grounds and home again. Atalanta's cost is only £1,675, plus sails, and engine if required. Extended credit terms are available of course. Write for literature to Dept. ATA8, Fairey Marine, Ltd., Hamble, Hants.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Regent House, Regent St, W1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

RESIDENT domestic helps from abroad; Beckenham Bureau: Beckenham 8329.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un. 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KNI 4132.

TYPEWRITERS, Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

SPEECH and Voice Training; Stage and TV actress gives private tuition. Write BCM/LHKQ, London, W1.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

SOCIAL Science Tutorial College. Postal Crses & Coaching. 11 Old Bond St, W1.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

MARK Gerson, AIBP, ARPS, photographer of literary and stage folk, would be pleased to send his price list of Portraits for Publicity. 61 Seymour St, W1. PAD. 2708.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

1,300 miles south to the sun
only £59 return!
MADEIRA

Searching for something out of the ordinary this year? Here then is a golden opportunity to visit Madeira, the most beautiful sub-tropical island in the world, where you can enjoy a luxury holiday at considerably reduced fares. Every hotel offers reasonable rates and retains a high standard of comfort, food and service. It is never too late to holiday in Madeira.

See your Travel Agent now or contact:
AQUILA AIRWAYS
62 Brompton Rd, London, SW3
Telephone: KENsington 4567

AUSTRIA THIS YEAR

You will find all the ingredients for a good holiday in Austria – wonderful lake and mountain scenery, excellent food, friendly welcome, good music – all this at a price you can afford. Our arrangements include lakeside holidays in Carinthia and at Fuschl near Salzburg with a chance to attend the Music Festival, economy arrangements at Tyrolean villages (costs from 23½ gns.) and an informal house party at Kitzbuehel.

ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

GRANADA'S International Holiday School offers during August & September Spanish language courses by University experts, painting, literature, guitar, flamenco & dancing, Fiestas, excursions to Cordoba & Sevilla, the unexplored Alpujarras on muleback, unique Spanish baroque tours. Stay as long as you like: spend as little as you please! Detls (Intl Reply Coupon): Instituto de Lenguas Modernas, Apartado 244, Granada.

COPENHAGEN: 15 days (incl. couchettes and boat trip to Hälsingborg, Sweden) for only 29 gns! 11 days, 26½ gns. Vacancies 12 July and later. Details from Protravel, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1. (behind Peter Robinson) Langham 3101.

AUSTRIA. Lakeside Hallstatt, foot of Dachstein (10,000 ft) 15 days £32 11s. 4 Aug. 3 vacancies, 17 Aug. 6 vacancies. Sleepers/couchettes. T. Forman, 135 Pollards Hill South, SW16. (POLlard's 2230.)

ANGRY Young Man . . . let us take you and your chip to India for a month's holiday by air . . . from £200 inclusive. Vacancies in Spain by air 15 days from 45 gns. Portugal's golden beaches by air 15 days from 55 gns. Four centres Italy and many others. Free brochure: Bon Viveur Holidays, Knightsbridge Station Arcade, London, SW3. KNI. 9788.

BED & Bard. 7 days 4 star hotel Stratford & seats for all 5 plays. 21-28 Sept. & 11-18 Oct. All-in 22 gns. Write now Illyrian Tours, Blue Gates, Chertsey Bridge, Surrey.

LOW cost holidays in 10 countries are described by Ian Mercer in 'Europe on Wheels'. Budget for each trip is under £50. 5s. from bookshops and newsagents or 5s. 6d. by post from H. Marshall & Son, Ltd, Temple House, Tallis St, London, EC4.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

DBLE. b/s., dressing-rm, kit., own entr.; suit 2 gentlewomen. FRE. 7911.

TWO furn. s/c. rooms, share kit. and bath with owner, avail. 1 July. Off Portman Sq. £4 10s. p.w. Lady only. Box 1235.

SMALL furnished flat sleeping two available in basement of doctor's house W1. Private bathroom, telephone. In exchange for 2½ hours easy cleaning daily (early morning or after 7 p.m.) and general maintenance of boiler, fuses, etc. Please write in some detail. Box 1236.

FURN. flat Hampstead available 19 July-9 Aug. Sleep 5-6. Reas. SWI. 4164.

BARNES. Own kitchen with Ascot & frig. & 2 furn. rooms. Suit 2 yng ladies or mother & daughter. £2 each wkly. Box 1239.

GOLDERS Green, bed-sit. in luxurious Court. Stud. or business girl. Box 1269.

GIRL offered share of St John's Wood flat. Own bed-sitting room. Box 1251.

HAMPSTEAD. Newly dec. b./s., concealed kitchenette, Ascot, gas ckg, elec heating; completely equipped. Tel., use gdn. Colour unimportant. 55s. p.w. HOL. 6237.

FLAT, large rooms, superb view, top Notting Hill, share with man for £3½ p.w. PAR. 0379 after 9 p.m. Vacant 21 June.

W6. S/c. f. gdn flat, sleep 3. 4 gns. p.w. Mutual child-sitting hoped. RIV. 8176.

HIGHBURY, large bed-sitters with own kitchens, from £3. CAN. 6514.

COMF. bed-sitting room, for one or couple. In modern block, cen. h. & h.w., nr tube. Share k. & b., one lady. PRI. 3112.

HIGHGATE – family flat. Summer months, 4 gns. MOU. 9065 or Box 1172.

S/C. furn. flat, large bed-sit., kit. bthrm, mod. rent. Suit 2. LAD. 3031.

HAMPSTEAD. Cheerful sgle/dble rooms, ckg facs. perm./temp. KIN. 2456 daytime or HAM. 4585/SW1. 2684 evgs Sun.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

UNFURN. flats now available Kensington & Hampstead. Full detls. FRE. 5444.

FURN. spac. garden flat, 15 mins W/End (B'loo). £5 10s. Also large dble bed/sit., own ckr. 65s. MEA. 1977 (not Sat.).

CROUCH Hill, N8. Two large rooms, kit., bath, new dec. 5 gns. wk. FIT. 1853.

FURN. two rooms and mod. kitchen, use garden. Near station (20 min. Victoria or London Bridge). £4 10s. weekly. Adults only. Avenue Flatlets, STReatham 5124.

VACANCY June 30. Redec. divan room, use k. Bus./prof. wom. 38s. MOU. 5438.

WIMBLEDON, close common, 2 rooms, k. & b. Furnished & equipped. Suit 2 young women, 6 gns. Box 1341.

LARGE bed/sit. Share kitchen, bath, own tel. £3 p.w. Gentleman only. Phone LADbroke 1458 after 7 p.m.

BLACKHEATH. Bed-sit. for girl in Dr's house. 37s. 6d. GREenwich 2468.

NR Baker St. Small 1 rm flatlet, no sep. kit. 67s. 6d. 'Phone HAM. 8109.

YOUNG man wishes to share his inexpensive Bayswater flat. Box 1352.

HAMPSTEAD, fully furnished flat. Two large rooms, kitchen, share bathroom, telephone. £22 per month. PRI. 7917.

PLEASANT roomy furnished flat in musician's home, Ealing. Ideal for two. £5 including e.l. 'Phone PER. 1034.

3-24 July, 3 rooms to let in country cottage. All mod. conveniences. Sleep 4. Full board if desired. Whole cottage to let 2-30 September. Box 1259.

HENLEY-on-Thames. To let furn., Aug. only, ground floor flat, 5 rms, k. & b., garden, garage. Nr river, shops. Box 1250.

CORNWALL (Marazion). S/c. sunny flat overlkg Mount's Bay, equipped 5. Nr. buses, sands, shops. Also s/c. studio-flatlet equipped 2. Both after Sept. Box 1226.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

THREE young ladies require s/c flat Hampstead area, proximity northern line. Ryan, 113 Hornsey Lane, Highgate, N6.

COUPLE (technical type & teacher) sks bed/sit. 5 July – 23 Aug. E or NE London. Box 1216.

PROVINCIAL Univ. lecturer wants flat in London for long vacation. Box 1253.

AMERICAN research stud. & wife req. sml furn. London flat from July. Box 1296.

CANADIAN Grad. stud. & wife req. sml f. London flat from 1 Oct. £5-£6. Kerpneck, Apt 407, 27 Walmer Rd, Toronto.

AUG. onwards. Yng lady sks homely b/s., ckg facilities in private house within ½hr Tottenham Court Rd. Box 1167.

SCHOOLTEACHER with son aged 2 urgently requires flat, £3 10s. max. Dulwich to Thornton Heath area. Box 1275.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

STUDIO, non-residential Chelsea offered 3 months or longer. Wanted very quiet cottage/flat Southern Counties or seaside. Swap possible. Write advertiser c/o 928 Nell Gwynn House, SW3.

KENSINGTON. S.c. flat for 2; new dec., frig., tel., linen, gdn. Either 8 gns wk or £450 lease 3 yrs and £5½ wk. PAR. 1841.

WANSTEAD, nr Tube, mod. fur. 3-b. hse., garage, slp 5. 8½ gns p.w. min. 1 yr or 5 yr min. £375 p.a. inc. AMH. 1467.

FAIRLIGHT, Sx. Small isolated cottage overlooking sea. Perm. let, 50s p.w. all in, furnished. View this weekend. Pett 3141.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

WEST Finchley, N3. Freehold house to be sold, modern, semi-det., 5 rooms & room for garage. Few minutes tube and Golf Course. Write G. C., 34 Manor Road, Caddington, Beds.

FOR Sale, Essex; compact architect-designed contemporary house, 4 bedrooms, large living room, central heating. Small garden backs on to Epping Forest but only 12 minutes from Loughton Station (Central Line). £5,000. 'Phone LOUghton 3004.

LITTLEBOURNE, nr Canterbury, on bus route. S/d bungalow. 1 recep., 2 b., k. & b. Excellent condition, parquet floors, all mains. Garage, greenhse, ½ acre rose gdn. Freehold £2,500. Box 1009.

COTTAGE £650 or two £1,000. Charming vil. in fold of hills. 3 m. Audley End (main line Lond.-Camb. ¾ hr L'pool St). Each 4 rooms, e. & w. on site, no mod. con. View Holland, Bldr, Arkesden. Then phone CHA. 7000.

NW4. Freehold jungle with house in clearing. Suit family with goat. Corner semi-detached, 4 beds, double lounge with parquet, large kitchen/diner. 2 w.c.s. Dairy farm visible from bathrm. V. close shops, tube, schools, buses. £3,650 o.n.o. HEN. 6349.

GREATSTONE. Modern house, detached, freehold, seaview. Elec., gas. 2 recep., dining, kit., 3 bedrooms, bath, h. & c., large garage. Small cultivated walled garden, lawns. Nr golf course & station. Excel. condition, £2,600 o.n.o. 'Rays', Merritt Rd., Greatstone. Phone New Romney 3263.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
(Tel. Covent Garden 1066)

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

23, 26 & 28 June at 7.30	La Traviata (in Italian) All seats sold
24 June at 7.30	Carmen

Last four weeks of Season

THE ROYAL BALLET
(formerly Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet)

25 June at 7.30	Veneziana, Les Sylphides, The Burrow, Pineapple Poll
27 June at 7.30	Le Lac des Cygnes
28 June at 2.30	A Blue Rose, Bluebird Pas de Deux, Le Lac des Cygnes Act II, Veneziana

Ballet Season ends 3 July

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Tel. TERminus 1672

Until 28 June

Milorad Miskovitch and Ballets, 1958
Des Etoiles de Paris

Evenings 7.0, Saturdays 2.30

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Mn./Fri. Evs 8, Sat. Sn., 5, 8. Templeton. Mems.

IRVING, WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Glamour Revue. 2nd Yr Fr. 2.30, Sn. 4.00. 7th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for membership, tkt.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Evgs. 8.0, S. 5 & 8.15, W. 2.30. Joan Plowright in Ionesco's 'The Chairs' & 'The Lesson'.

THEATRE Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Evgs 8. Sat. 5 & 8. 'A Taste of Honey.'

TOWER 8 p.m., 27, 28 Jne, 2, 3, 4, 5 Jly. Mats 3 p.m. 28 & 5 only. Shakespeare's 'The Winter's Tale'. Theatre garden if fine: theatre if wet. CAN. 5111 (3475 bef. 6) Canonbury Place, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Heartbreak House, Bernard Shaw. Thurs.-Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

INVITATION Pianoforte Recital by pupils of Dorothy Hesse, Wigmore Hall, Thursday. 3 July, at 7 p.m. Tickets may be had at Box Office, Wigmore Hall, and Miss Hesse, 32 Brunswick Gdns, W8. Stmpd addressed env with all applicns by post.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns), Films on Art and Life in the Middle Ages (U).

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Resurrection Series. Until 22 June: Will Hay in 'Oh! Mr Porter' (U) (1939). From 23 June: Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins in Lubitsch's 'Trouble in Paradise' (A) (1932).

ROXY. BAY. 2345, Wk. c. 22 June 7 days L. Darnell, A. Quinn, 'Forbidden Women' X. Dirk Bogarde, 'For Better, for Worse' U.

PYGMALION reading of one & only, with Ellen Pollock & Michael Golden; Shaw Society, 7 Albemarle St, W1. 27 June, 7 p.m. 2s.

FOLKSONG Unlimited. Stan Kelly introduces Dominic Behan, Shirley Collins, Sandy Paton, Isabel Sutherland. Wed., 25 June at 8 p.m. Cranbourne, Upper St. Martin's Lane (Leics. Sq. Tube). Adm. 3s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing, today, 21 June, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

STANLEY Spencer Exhibition. Last day Sunday, 22 June. Over 70 works, In the Church & Vicarage, Cookham, Berks. Daily 11 a.m. (12 noon Sundays) to 9 p.m. Adm. 2s 6d in aid of Church Buildings Fund.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Alan Davie Retrospective 1936-1958. Opens 26 June. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Allan Ramsay, Painter-in-Ordinary to George III. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Designs for My Fair Lady & other productions, by Cecil Beaton; New Paintings by Denis Bowen; Objective Still-lives, by Paul Feiler. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes 28 June.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Alva: Recent Images. Daily 9.30-6. Saturday 9.30-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Welcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

SLATTER Gallery, 30 Old Bond Street, 1958 Exhibition Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED'S new reproduction Rembrandt's Self Portrait from Kenwood House. 26½in × 22¼in. 66s. & 9s. 4d. tax. Illus. catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

PAINTINGS from the Niarchos Collection. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 29 June. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Ad. 2s.

ABSTRACT Impressionism. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 28 June. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

ZWEMMERS, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Transferences, paintings by Nolan, Tucker, Hill, Riopelle, Borduas, Newcombe, Beaulieu, Candappa, Raza, Souza, Bowen, Coplans, Sumner. Until 12 July.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. The Dying Art – 20th-Century Portraiture.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St, W1. Contemporary French paintings on view. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Camille Pissarro – Drawings, Keith Vaughan & Terry Frost – Paintings, 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Till 26 June.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W1. Vera Haller and Kiriaki. Till 28 June. Daily 10-7 including Saturdays.

FLOWER Arrangements Exhibition. Mounted by the Floral Arrangements Association. Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Rd, Shoreditch, E2, 24 to 28 June. Adm. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Important drawings, paintings and sculptures offered for sale in Exhibition of XIX & XX Century European Masters—Bonnard, Degas, Kokoschka, Matisse, Munch, Picasso, Pissarro, Renoir, Rouault, De Stael, Utrillo, Van Gogh, etc., and two new sculptures by Henry Moore. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Giacometti, Marini, Matisse, Moore. Sculpture & Drawings. Opens Tues. 24 June. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1 Until 13 Sept.

LAURIE Tayler, watercolours & drawings at High Hill Bookship, 11 High St, NW3. Daily 9.15-5.30 (ex. Thurs.).

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W1. Sculpture and Drawings by Zehava Elath. Mon.-Fri. 10-5 Sun. 2-5. Until 29 June.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1 (GER. 3529). Paintings by John Bailey.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Brasilia – Photographs and a Model of the new capital. Till 28 June. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Adm. free. Library: Drawings by Peter Smithson.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITIES & LEFT REVIEW CLUB

'WHAT IS HAPPENING TO LONDON'
(with tape recordings)

PETER WILMOT

Mon. 23 June, 8 p.m. Adm. 2s. Mems 1s. Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St, WC2.

SOUTH African Freedom Day. Public Meeting. Friends House, Euston Road (opp. Euston Stn). Thurs. 26 June, 7.30 p.m. Speakers: Canon L. John Collins, Dr André Ungar, E. S. Sachs, Barbara Castle, MP, Mr Vella Pillay, Chairman: Dr Guy Routh. Messages from South Africa. Friends of African freedom cordially invited. Organised by The South African Freedom Association (SAFA), 51 Deansway, London, N2.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 28 June at 6 p.m. Signorina E. N. Bornancin: La Pisana: personaggio romantico delle, 'Confessioni di un Italiano', di Ippolito Nievo.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W8, Sun., 22 June, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m.: H. J. Blackham: 'A Humanist View of Marriage'.

ADLERIAN Society. 'The Meaning of Encouragement', Dr Neil R. Beattie. Friends' House, Euston Rd, NW1, Thurs., 26 June, 7.30 punctually. Non-mems 2s.

AFRICAN Forum: Ben-Ephraim, journalist, on 'Afro-Israel Relations', 24 June, 7 p.m., 32 Percy St, W1 (Tot. Crt Rd).

SWAMI Ghananananda, Suns 5 p.m., 68 Duke's Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Bhagavad-Gita. All welc. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Mathematical Programming and Economic Analysis' will be delivered by Professor R. Dorfman (Harvard) at 5 p.m. on 23 June at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

SOME Causes and Consequences of Social Isolation: Symposium by Dr P. Kraupl Taylor and Dr W. Allchin (psychiatrists) Stephen Schenk and Kenneth Bowden (sociologists), Sun., 29 June 7.30, at 13 Prince of Wales Tce off Ken. High St nr Park. Adm. 1s. 6d. Sociology Group, Progressive League.

UNITED Nations Assocn, Westminster Branch. 'The Nuclear Dilemma: A Rational Approach': Dr Andrew Martin. A Discussion at No. 2 Whitehall Ct, SW1, Tues. 24 June, 8 p.m. All welcome.

S. PLACE Ethical Society. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1, 11 a.m. Sun., 22 June. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D. 'The Decline of the Countryside.' Write for free 'Record'.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. C. A. R. Crosland on 'British Economic Policy', Wed. 25 June, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis 2s.

WEST Africa Society. Dr T. O. Elias on 'Importance of African Culture in New Africa'. Friday, 27 June, 7.30 p.m. WASU, 69 Warrington Crescent, W9. Silver collection.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Niklaus Pevsner: Art History for Art Students. Chairman: Sir William Coldstream. Thursday, 26 June, 8.15, Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. James Reeves: The Idiom of the People. Chairman: George Fraser. Reader: John Glen. Singer: Patrick Shuldham-Shaw. Tuesday, 24 June 8.15. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 20 June 8 p.m., Prof. Isaiah Berlin: 'States of Mind in Russia Today'. Fri. 27 June, 8 p.m., Margit Hegedus (Violin), acc. Gerald Gover, Prokoviev, Tchaikowsky, Scriabin. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11, Tues. 24 June, 8 p.m., Memoirs of late M. Germanova, actress, Moscow Arts Theatre, introduction – O. S. Shipman (In Russian). Sunday 29 June, 2.30 p.m. at the French Institute, SW7: Films on Moscow Arts Theatre; tickets in advance & at entrance.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed., 25 June, 6.30 sharp: 'Buddhism & Schopenhauer', K. J. Tarachand. Also Saturday Group, 21 June, 3 p.m. (readings, discussion tea – all welcome). Read 'The Middle Way', 2s. 10d. quarterly post free. Book now for Summer School, Hoddesdon, 22-29 Aug., £8 12s. 6d. incl. Information TAT. 1313.

ULT Day Commemoration Meeting, Sun., 8 p.m., 22 June. United Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun. 22 June. 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. Swami Avyaktananda, 'Common Ownership and Non Violence.'

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

LONDON County Council. St Martin's School of Art. This school has been established over one hundred years. 109 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2 (Telephone: GERrard 0058/9). Principal: E. J. Morss, ARCA, Advertising Design, Drawing and Painting, Dress Design and Fashion, Modelling and Carving. Ministry of Education Art Examinations.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. in 1887, prepares students by post for General Certificate of Education (all Levels) London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others, London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), Teachers' Diplomas, Law. Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

SPANISH, Flamenco, Plectrum Guitar Tuition. (Personal & Postal.) Prospectus: Ivor Mairants (s), 195 Wardour St., W1. Tel. REG. 0644/5.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for GCE, Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, MA, LLD. Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

MUSIC appreciation classes, instrumental and vocal tuition. Details: Central School of Dance Music, 195 Wardour St, W1. REG. 0644/5.

MCKNIGHT Piano School (Mrs E. McKnight Kauffer) at Steinway & Sons, Conduit St, W1. Representative in Gt Britain of I. Philipp, Paris. All queries to Sec.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Lechetizky Method – Tanya Polunin LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

SUMMER Film School, British Film Institute. Morning lectures by visiting film celebrities, afternoon film-making, evening film programmes. At High Leigh, Herts. Aug. 9-22. Single room accom. Brochure from BFI, 9 Gt Russell St, WC1. COV. 2801.

FABIAN Under-30's School, Steyning, 11-13 July. 'Socialism & the Post-War Generation.' Lindsay Anderson, John Braine, Hugh Gaitskell, Roy Jenkins, Peter Townsend, Shirley Williams. Details from 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

BUDDHIST Society. Seventh Annual Summer School, High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts, 22-29 August. Lectures & Classes by Ven. Pannavaddho Bhikkhu, U Maung Maung Ji; Christmas Humphreys, P. S. Jaini, Dr Jeanne Palmer, P. Mehta, R. Fussell, M. O'C. Walshe. Instruction in Meditation & basic principles of Buddhism, the ancient teaching which appeals to the modern mind. Open to all who seek to find the Cause and Cure of Suffering. Delightful surroundings and stimulating conversation; vegetarian diet for those who wish it, £8 12s. 6d. inclusive. Book now to avoid disappointment (full to capacity last year!). Information 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. TAT. 1313.

POTTERY Refresher Course for Teachers and Amateurs, conducted by Murray Fieldhouse. Distinguished guest lecturers and demonstrators. 7 days, 1 to 8 August. Details: Sec., Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts.

FRENCH-English holiday in Chilterns. Small group Eng. boys and girls (aged 12-15) interested in mixing with French group welcome in Aug. at country house of Town and Country School, 38, Eton Avenue, NW3.

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EXPLORING Local Railways: 18-21 July, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also 'Handloom Weaving'; 15-29, 'The Art of Living'.

ST Peter's Loft, St Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery, Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 5 May to 12 Sept. 1958. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

POTTERY. Five on a course for a week with John Shelly. Throughout summer. Brochure: Church Cottage Pottery, Winterbourne St Martin, Dorchester.

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